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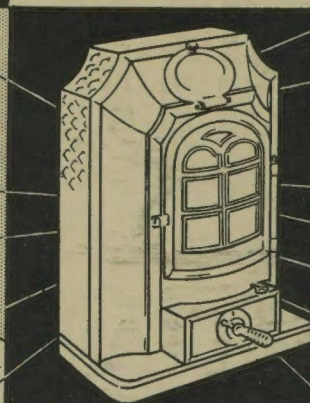
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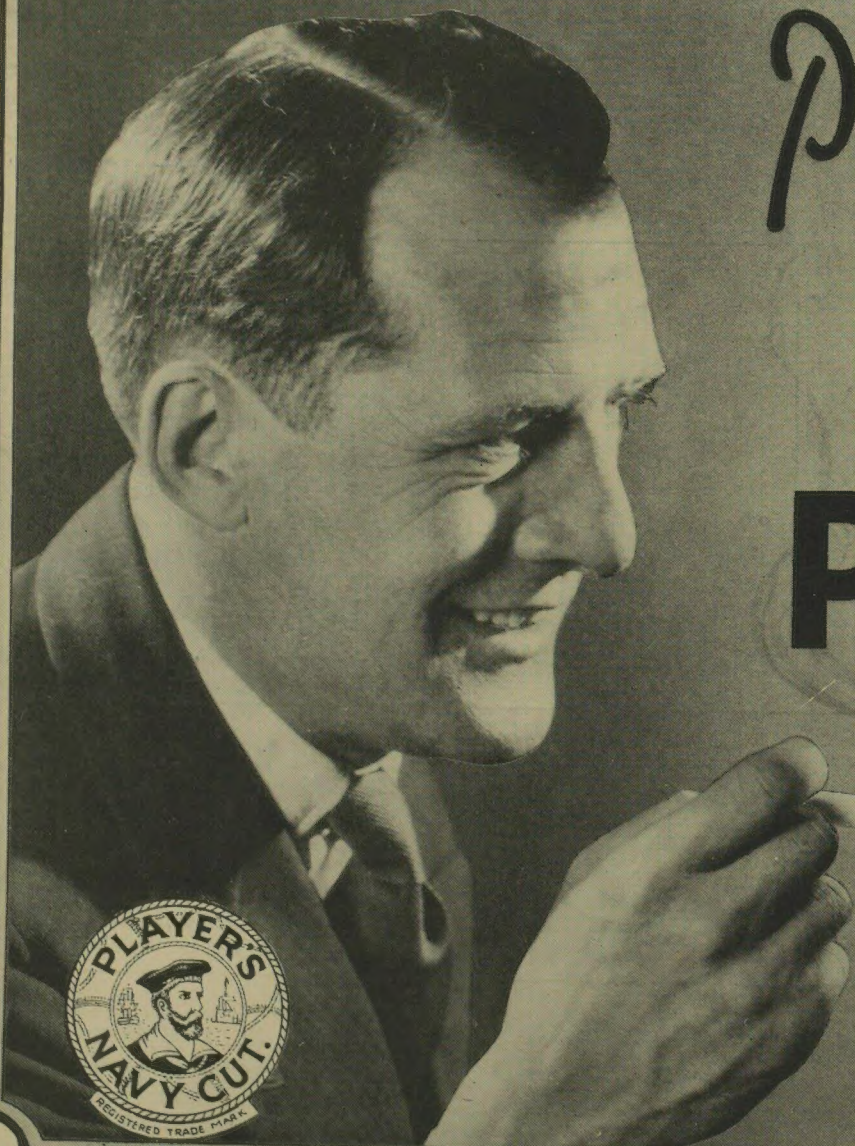
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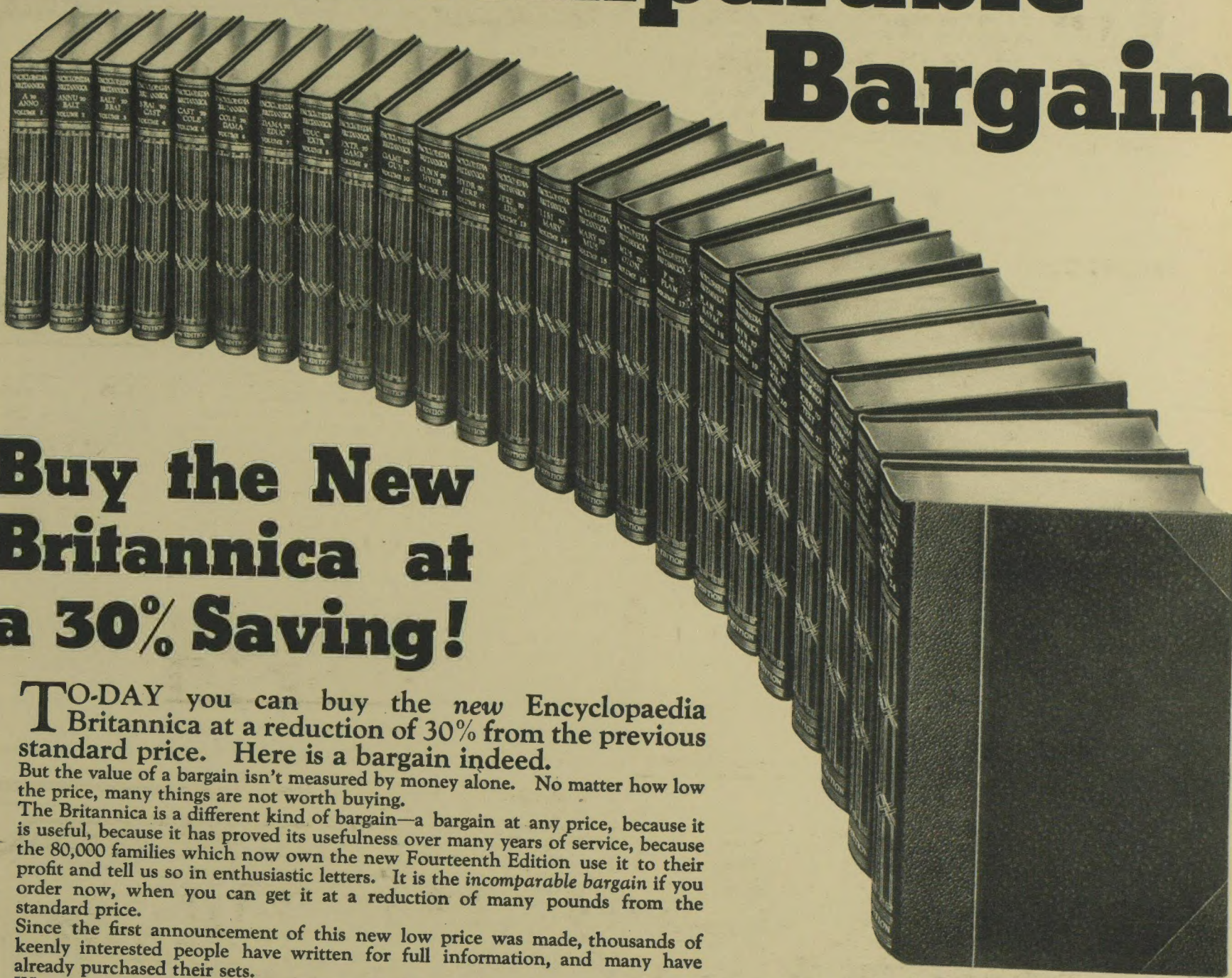
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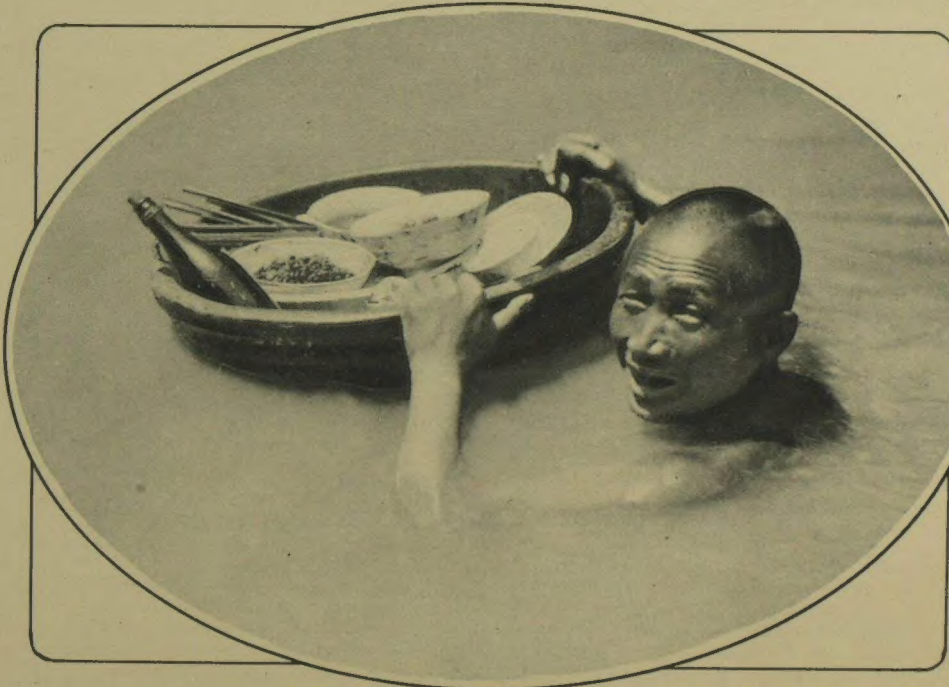
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1931.



MARKETING WAIST-DEEP IN WATER: LIFE AT HANKOW DURING THE CHINESE FLOODS THAT CLAIMED 80,000,000 VICTIMS.

THE magnitude of the flood disaster in China has assumed still greater proportions as fresh news comes to hand. An official statement issued at Nanking on September 14 gave the total number of flood victims throughout the country as 80,000,000. Presumably this figure includes the homeless and destitute, as well as the dead. The enormous extent of the inundation was due to the overflowing of two great rivers, the Yangtze and the Hwangho. On the Yangtze there was one vast sheet of water, about 150 miles long and in places 20 miles broad, from Shasi (some 800 miles from the river's mouth) to Hankow, and another from Hankow down-stream to Kiukiang. Whole districts were suddenly wiped out by the bursting of dykes, and there were reports of 5000 people being drowned

[Continued opposite.]



IMPETURABLE IN ADVERSITY: A COOLIE, CONVEYING PROVISIONS, UP TO HIS NECK IN WATER.

in one area and 7000 in another. It has been conjectured (according to recent accounts) that eventually the total number of the drowned will exceed a million, while an even greater multitude will have perished from starvation and disease. Refugees flocked by the thousand to the towns, including Hankow, where their condition, crowded together on the railway-track (after a burst dyke had flooded their first camp), very soon became appalling. The river rose above the Bund, and much of the city itself was flooded to a depth of several feet. Street traffic was conducted by sampans, but in the native markets people walked about waist-deep in water, and coolies carrying provisions were sometimes up to their necks. By September 4 the flood at Hankow had subsided 3 ft., but was still at the record level reached in 1870.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME time ago the psychological world was supposed to be dominated by Dr. Freud, but it seems to me that it is now dominated by Dr. Fell. I mean, of course, that mysterious but immortal medical practitioner whose name is recorded only by somebody who felt a subconscious antipathy, but firmly refused to analyse his own subconsciousness. And it seems, to me that subconscious antipathies are now being accepted rather as superficial antipathies. There prevails a curious atmosphere of intellectual irritation which is too irritable even to justify itself to the intellect. Criticism abounds, as it were, in mere gestures of refusal or repugnance; in speech that hints at a speechless disgust or expressions that point to an inexpressible weariness. Critics describe how much they dislike things, rather than why they dislike them. It is still supposed by many to be old-fashioned to dogmatise about dogmatic things, such as dogmas; but the new fashion is to dogmatise about undogmatic things, about mere likes and dislikes, about things that cannot be stated as dogmas even by the dogmatists. In some ways there may have been a growth of good taste, but its chief mark is a growth of accusations of bad taste. Everybody is fastidious about everybody else; but, though so many noses are turned up at everything, there seems to be no rule except that everybody is to follow his nose.

The present period is also one in which we hear much about the wickedness of old wars, and even the folly of old factions. It is suggested that there was something merely senseless in the collision of whole communities or whole cultures arrayed against each other. We boast of abandoning the old battles between different creeds or different clans or different empires. I am quite ready to agree, up to a certain point. I have got into trouble myself, a long time ago, by being deficient in Imperialism and actually making light of the Party System. And I confess I think that some of the noble denunciations of tribal raids or racial persecutions would have been even more noble if they had been uttered when the raids and persecutions were really going on.

But, while I knew a long time ago all that there is to be said against the waging of such wars, I also know what there is to be said now against those who rather belatedly wage war on the wars that are no longer being waged. For one thing, they always get off on the wrong foot, in the philosophical and logical sense, by talking about conflicts of race and religion. Both these things can be very bad; but even when they are equally bad they are utterly different. A race is that which is narrower than the world, and means that we select, rightly or wrongly, one tribe from among the tribes of men. But a religion is that which is wider than the world; yes, even if it is a false religion, it is still in conception wider than the real world. Instead of selecting or subtracting from mankind, it includes the whole of mankind and a great deal more, with a few angels and devils thrown in.

It is in its nature a vision of the whole universe, even if it is a delusive vision; and it is not stupid to regard the truth or falsehood of it as a matter of life and death. Properly speaking, the only rational wars are the religious wars. If a man may be asked to die for anything, it may well be for his whole reason for living, his whole conception of the object of life and death. But, apart from such incidental confusions, there is something to be said on the other side, in answer to those who so sweepingly condemn militant causes and collective conflicts. And one point is this: that, even if you remove the collective conflicts, you do not so much get peace as a tumult of individual conflicts. And these individual feelings are so very individual; they are such very fine shades of individual instinct or reaction that in the last resort they are almost inexpressible. They not only refuse to be expressed in flags or war songs; they even refuse to be expressed in words

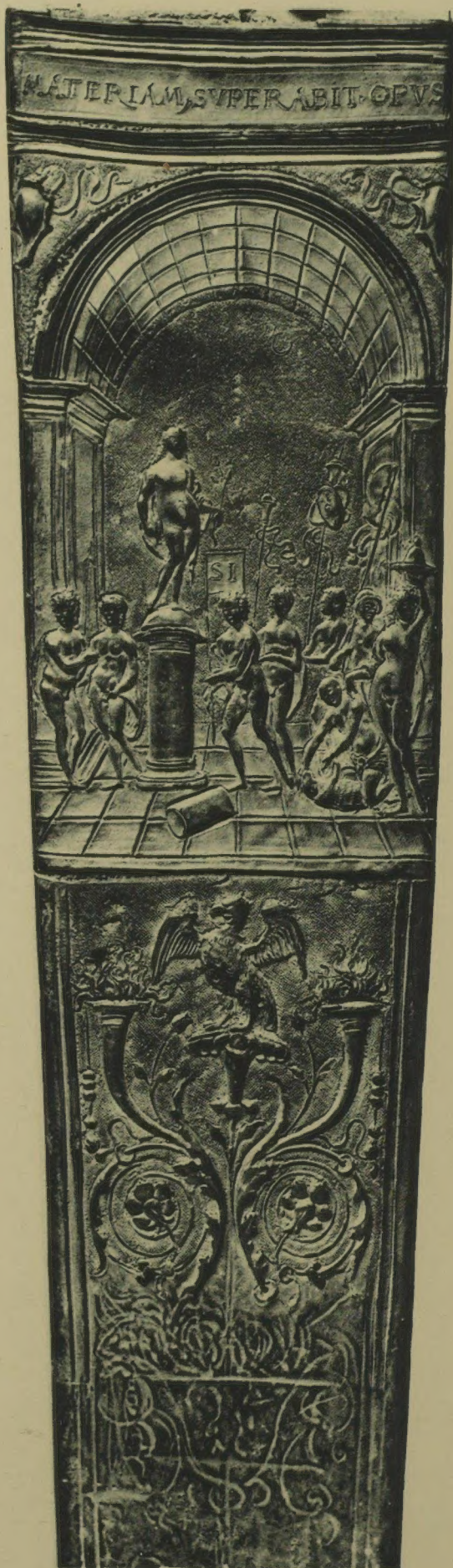
or works of art. The individual dislikes Dr. Fell so intensely that he cannot even draw a caricature of Dr. Fell or write a satire upon Dr. Fell; or compose on the piano a Hymn of Hate, expressing, in its cacophonous cries and howls of discord, his submerged subconscious madness in the matter of Dr. Fell. At least, he is less and less able to do it so as to convey his individual meaning to other individuals, which is the purpose of Art. The best Art, I admit, will probably be at neither extreme; it will neither be so communal as to be crude or coercive nor so individual as to be incommunicable and dumb. But, as compared with the latter extreme, there is something to be said for flags and monuments and moral emblems, for the statue that can be a spectacle and the song that can be a chorus.

Now, in the past there were plenty of party conflicts that were mocked as merely personal conflicts, and plenty of personal conflicts that were mocked as merely party conflicts. The great duel between Gladstone and Disraeli, for instance, was certainly personal as well as political. Also, it took place when the political names were already becoming party names, and later on were little better than labels. But, for all that, I cannot but think that the duel gained a sort of dignity by being political which it would hardly have had if it had been merely personal. Empire and Liberty were at least great traditions *olim dissociabiles*, though combined, I believe, in the motto of the Primrose League. In the same way, a man may prefer Pitt to Fox, or Fox to Pitt, merely considered as personalities; according to whether he prefers blind, reckless, and irresponsible gambling, or solemn, solitary, and dignified drunkenness.

But in so far as they were great men, it is chiefly because they were dealing with great ideas; and the one stood for the French Revolution and the other for the British Empire. I cannot think the former conflict would have been a nobler spectacle if it had only been a society squabble between a flashy Jew and a rather pedantic man from Lancashire; or that we should have been more edified by the merely individual psychological reactions between a thin drunkard and a fat gambler. When all is said that can be said—and I have said a great deal of it myself—against the badges and banners of party conflict, it is true that they draw something out of men which makes the issue larger and more imaginative than their private personalities. And when we have nothing left except their private personalities, it becomes in another sense a matter of personalities, and the critics become very personal.

This tradition of great causes remained in art and letters, as well as in politics, in my own generation, and especially in the generation a little older than my own. If Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. W. B. Yeats had had an individual difference, we should all have felt that the difference was not merely individual. When Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Hilaire Belloc did have a controversy, everybody knew it was not only a controversy between two persons or even two philosophers, but also between two philosophies. But when there is a quarrel between two of the younger writers to-day, we feel that it is a quarrel of individuals, merely because everybody has become so intensely individualised. When I hear that Mr. Wyndham Lewis disagrees with Mr. Osbert Sitwell, when I see that Mr. Harold Nicholson has made a rather violent attack on Mr. Humbert Wolfe, I cannot see that any particular principle is involved, or that anybody speaks for anybody except himself. Thus there seems to be a certain danger in the dissolution even of the outmoded factions and fashions in opinion. It is not replaced by a larger imagination or intellectual charity, but rather by the expression of irresponsible hatreds instead of responsible hatreds. It might even be maintained

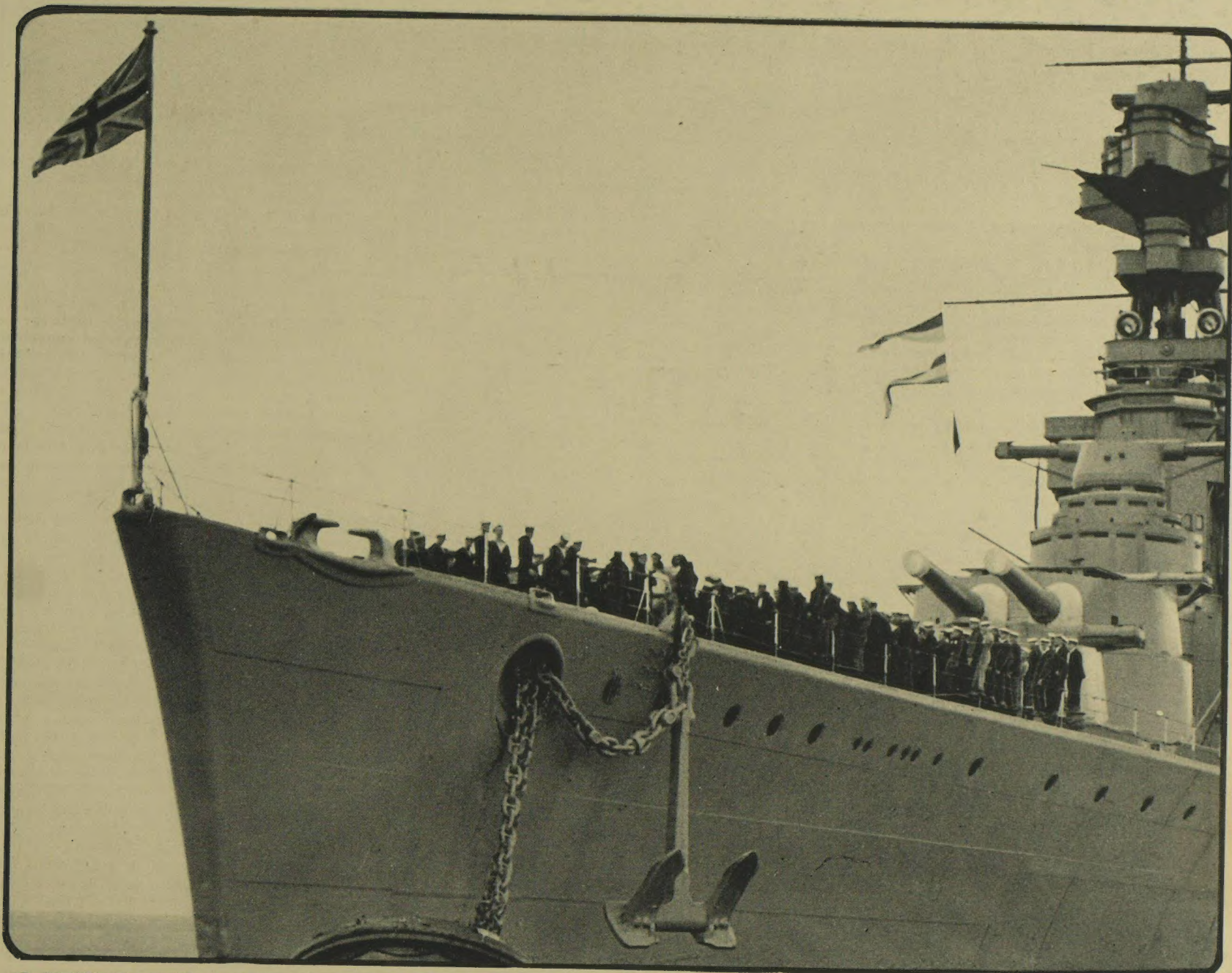
that big quarrels are better than little quarrels; and, anyhow, a million simultaneous private duels are a bad substitute for universal disarmament.



THE THIRTIETH TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK: THE FAMOUS SWORD-SHEATH OF CÆSAR BORGIA.

This leather sword-sheath, perhaps the most elaborate known example of *cuir bouilli* (leather softened, apparently by soaking, and then embossed, cut and stamped), held the historic sword of state made between 1493 and 1498 for Cæsar Borgia (1476-1507). On the upper part is a relief representing a sacrifice to Venus, in the manner of a Renaissance plaquette, with the inscription *Materiam Superabit Opus* (Labour will triumph over material). Part of the design below is unfinished, being outlined with a blunt tool. The sword itself is first heard of at Naples in 1754; it was acquired by the Abbé Galiani, and passed from him to the Duke of Sermoneta, whose descendants still possess it. The blade is signed "Herc" (Hercules of Pesaro); and the sheath (bought for the Museum in Florence in 1860 for £100), has been tentatively ascribed to the same artist.—(By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.)

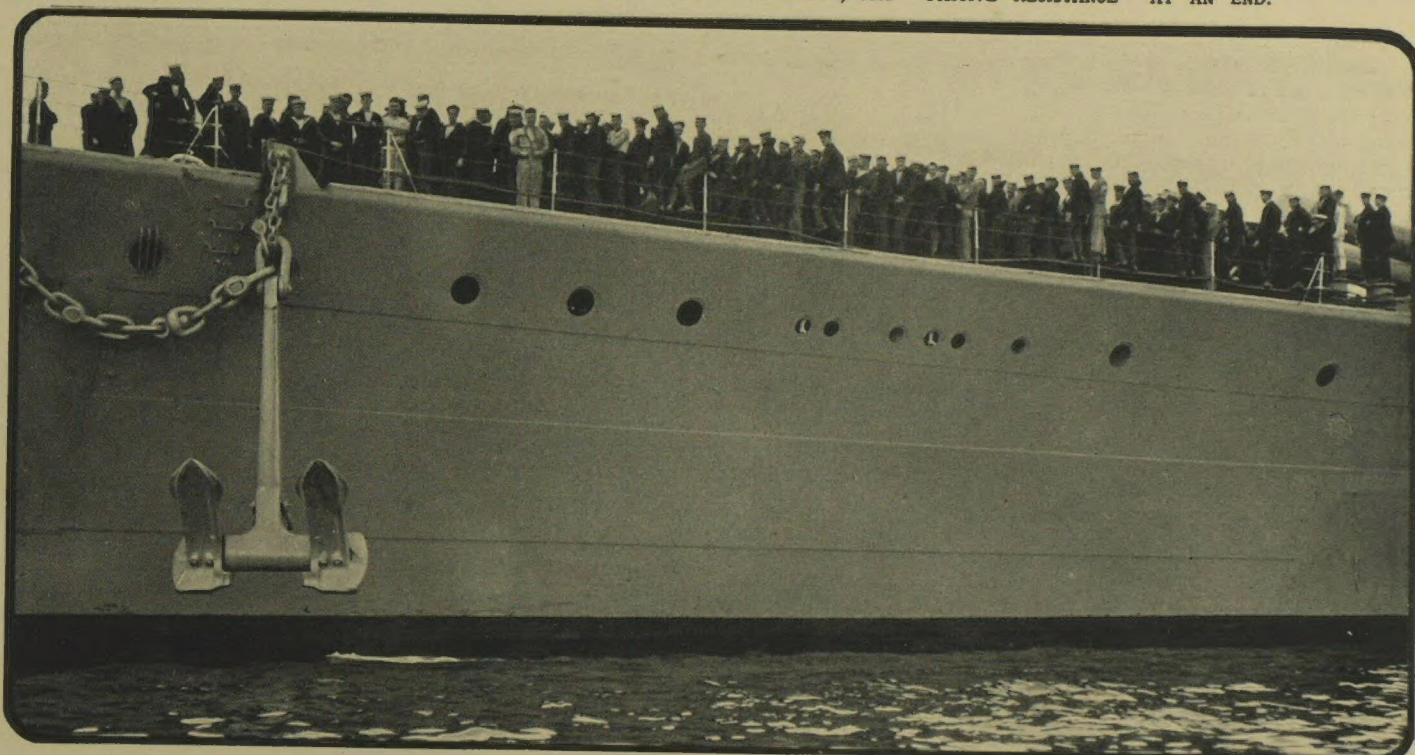
DURING THE BRIEF PERIOD OF NAVAL UNREST: IN H.M.S. "HOOD."



AT INVERGORDON WHEN A PROPORTION OF THE LOWER RATINGS SERVING WITH THE ATLANTIC FLEET WERE DISCUSSING THE REDUCTIONS IN NAVAL PAY: IN THE "HOOD" ON THE DAY ON WHICH THE SHIPS SAILED FOR THEIR HOME PORTS, ALL "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" AT AN END.

THE very mild state of unrest which existed among a proportion of the lower ratings serving with the Atlantic Fleet was soon at an end. Such little trouble as there was was due to misunderstandings of the reduced rates of Naval pay, misunderstandings which have already been cleared up to a large extent, and are forming the subject of further enquiry, in order that any possible hardship may be relieved. It will be recalled that it was on the evening of September 15 that the Admiralty stated that, in consequence of some unrest, the Senior Officer, Atlantic Fleet, had suspended the programme of exercises of the Fleet. Other official action followed immediately.

The "passive resistance" was accompanied by the singing of "God Save the King" and by other signs of loyalty, and the feeling between the officers and men remained exceedingly good. It was announced on the 16th that the Board of Admiralty had instructed the ships of the Atlantic Fleet to proceed to their home ports. This order was promptly obeyed, and it is interesting to note that the "Daily Express" correspondent at Invergordon reported on that day: "An entirely different spirit spread amongst the men of the lower deck when they heard this afternoon the Admiralty order 'proceed to home ports,' and were told by their officers of the promise made by the First Lord of the Admiralty



"ONE MOMENT THE MEN WERE LOUNGING ON THE DECK, AND THE NEXT THEY WERE GOING AT THE DOUBLE ABOUT THE ORDINARY BUSINESS OF THE SHIP'S LIFE": IN THE "HOOD," WHOSE CAPTAIN WAS CHEERED WHEN HE ADDRESSED THE RATINGS AND EXPLAINED THE SITUATION WITH REGARD TO THE "CUTS."

in Parliament that pay grievances would be reconsidered. Crews meeting in every ship quickly decided to abandon their passive-resistance protest. Suddenly each ship went back to normal routine. Orders were given and taken without any question. The Atlantic Fleet were 'carrying on.' I was aboard the 'Hood' after the Captain had talked to his men, and was a witness of this sudden change. One moment the men were lounging on the deck, and the next they were going at the double about the ordinary business of the ship's life. . . . The Captain was cheered." An unfortunate feature of the affair was that a considerable amount of capital was made of it in some foreign countries.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE SEASONS OF THE SEA.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE very mention of "the four seasons" conjures up visual images of crocuses and tulips, June roses and gorgeous herbaceous borders, flaming corn-fields and fruit-laden orchards, and the blank, dull days of winter. Some carnally-minded people—of whom I am one—are as apt to survey the seasons in terms of lamb and mint-sauce, duck and green peas, Michaelmas goose, and luscious pheasant. But, in either case, we think in terms of our own everyday environment—the world that we move in, at the bottom of the ocean of air. And this because we know so little of what goes on at the bottom of that other ocean—of water—the great wide sea. True, we do note certain "seasonal" recurrent events, such as the whitebait season, the herring-fishery, the season for salmon, and so on; but, when all is said and done, we do not think of these recurrent events as if they were part and parcel of the panorama of the seasons.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the seasonal changes of the sea are just as marked as those of the land; though they are hidden from the ken of all but those whose business it is to study the sea and all that therein is. A great deal of what has been discovered in this matter we owe to the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth, where the director and his staff, the year round, are taking note of the tides and currents, salinity and temperature of the water and its chemical constituents, the amount and effect of the sunlight it receives, and so on; for all these diverse factors profoundly affect the well-being of the creatures which live there.

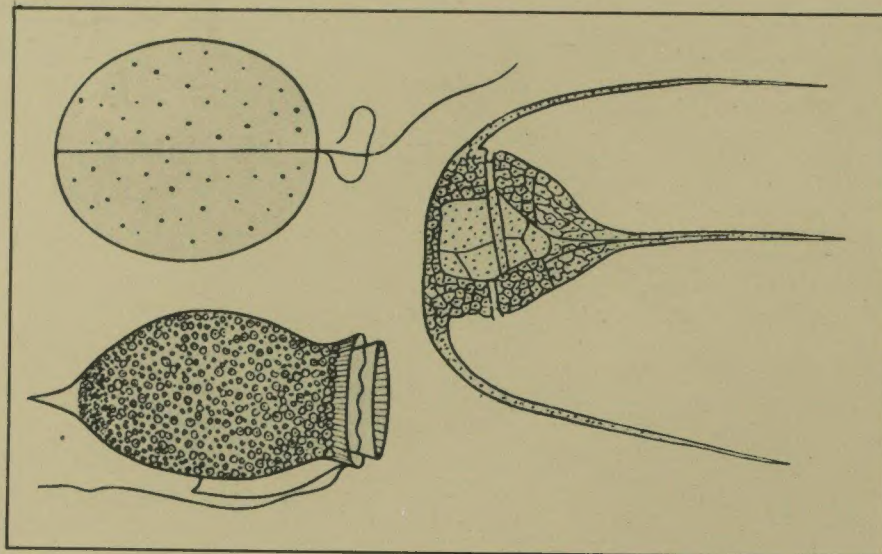
Our conception of life in the sea—speaking now of those who are not specialists—is based upon the creatures seen taken out of it, either on the fishmonger's slab, or when spending a holiday at the seaside—fishes of various kinds, and "shell-fish," starfish, sea-urchins, jelly-fish, and so on. But these are all, in the long run, dependent for their existence on excessively minute organisms, visible only under a microscope, such as diatoms and peridiniums. The diatoms are true plants, and therefore able to

time the seas of the world would be lifeless, for the newborn young of the larger types would have nothing to feed on. These minute creatures can be caught by anyone who will take the trouble, by towing a fine-meshed muslin or silk net behind a boat out at sea, though the catch will

"tapped," owing to a "discontinuous" layer of water found at the bottom of the surface-water warmed by the sun and the colder layers below. But as the sun's rays lose power, this warmer water becomes reduced to the same temperature as the bottom water. They cannot

mix, however, till the coming of the autumn gales. These, therefore, bring some good in their train, since by "troubling the waters" they make the accumulated phosphates available, and a fresh crop of diatoms results. It soon disappears, however, owing to the rapidly decreasing amount of sunlight, and so once more the "pasturage" disappears; and with it the "plankton-life," till awakened by the return of spring.

The rate of reproduction of diatoms is prodigious. It has been estimated that in the Plymouth area the crop amounts to about five tons to the acre. They are not confined to the sea, however, but are to be found in every roadside pond or ditch. Such is the abundance that in some rivers and estuaries they have played an important part in blocking up the harbours and diminishing the depth of



2. PERIDINIUMS, OR DIONOFLAGELLATES, SEEN HIGHLY MAGNIFIED: MINUTE CREATURES WHICH ENJOY THE FACULTY CHARACTERISTIC OF PLANTS OF CONVERTING INORGANIC INTO ORGANIC MATTER, AND WHICH AT THE SAME TIME ARE ABLE TO INGEST ORGANIC MATTER LIKE ANIMALS.

The supporting skeleton of the Peridiniums, which often takes forms of great beauty, is of cellulose. Some species are marine; some have fresh water as their habitat.

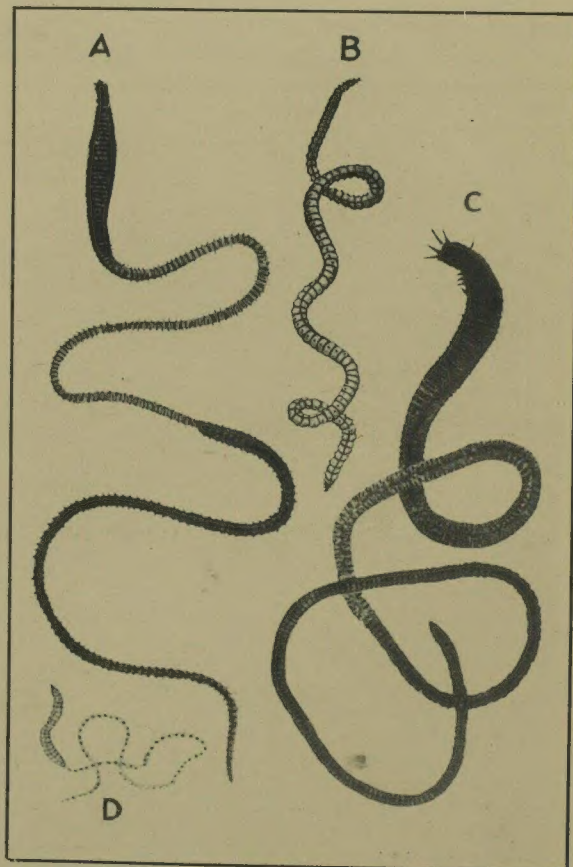
vary greatly with the season of the year. All sorts of other minute creatures, however, may be taken at the same time in this net—as, for example, the larvæ of such familiar species as crabs and lobsters, and the larvæ of shell-fish such as oysters. These form an enormous floating population, known as the "plankton," because they have no power of directing their course, but must drift with tides and currents.

During the winter months, small indeed would be the reward of tow-netting. But with March and April comes a surprising burst of life, following the increasing warmth and light of the sun. At first come the diatoms, then swarms incredible of larval worms, star-fishes, molluscs, crustacea, and fishes. These youngsters would seem to be timed to appear so that they may take full advantage of the "rich pasturage of the sea"—to use Dr. Russell's apt description—furnished by the diatoms. During May and June this "pasturage" has greatly diminished. Much of it has been eaten; the rest has sunk to the bottom, there to feed oysters and other creatures living on the sea-floor. But now there is an ample "zoo-plankton." That is to say, the "pasturage" having vanished, the animals which had been feeding thereon now start eating one another.

In October comes another change. The diatoms once again appear, but not in such numbers as in the spring; and the crop is soon over, so that the sea, like the land, enters a period of comparative lifelessness in so far as its "plankton" life is concerned. This much is true, at any rate of our northern waters. But in the Tropics we find other and very remarkable recurrent phases of life. One of the most singular of these is furnished by the Palolo worm (*Eunice viridis*), of the seas around Samoa and the adjacent islands. It lives in holes and crevices among the rocks and corals on the sea-floor. But every year, with more precision as to time than the return of the swallows, it comes to the surface in vast swarms. This occurs at dawn for just two days in October, and again in November, the day before and the day on which the moon is in its last quarter. It is not, however, the whole worm which thus comes to the surface, but only the hinder portion bearing the eggs and sperm-cells. "On the morning of the great day," remarks Dr. Russell, "each worm creeps backwards out of its burrow, and, when the modified half is fully protruded, it breaks off and wriggles to the surface, while the head shrinks back into its hole." When the first rays of the sun strike the water, these animated egg and sperm sacs break up and discharge their products.

The natives watch eagerly for this swarming of the Palolo, as they relish these eggs as food, eating them cooked or raw. A closely allied species, the Atlantic (*Eunice fucata*), displays a precisely similar life-history. But here the swarming takes place in June and July; but, again, always in association with the moon's last quarter. The cause of the decline of the diatom-crop during the summer months, just referred to, was brought to light only after laborious research. It was found to be due to the lack of phosphates, the manurial qualities of which are necessary for plant life, and the luxurious growth of these plants soon exhausted the available supply. But fresh stores, during the summer, accumulate from the dead and the decaying animal matter falling unceasingly to the bottom of the sea. They cannot, however, be

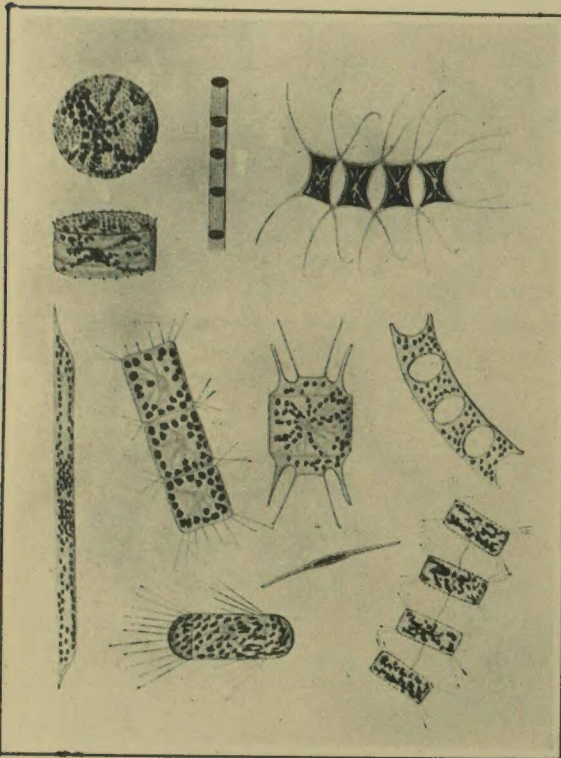
channels. As a further illustration of the part played by these minute organisms in adding to the thickness of the earth's crust, it may be mentioned that a deposit of mud, chiefly consisting of their glass-like skeletons, some four hundred miles long and a hundred and twenty miles broad, has been located on the flanks of Victoria Land, in 70° S. Lat.



3. THE ATLANTIC PALOLO-WORM (*EUNICE FUCATA*): (A)—A MATURE MALE WORM WITH ITS TAIL, HOLDING THE SPERM, CLEARLY DEFINED (BELOW) AND READY TO BREAK OFF AND RISE TO THE SURFACE; (B)—THE HINDER, EGG-BEARING PORTION OF A FEMALE WORM, WHICH BREAKS OFF AND RISES TO THE SURFACE; (C)—AN IMMATURE MALE; (D)—AN EMPTY FEMALE EGG-BEARING CASE, AFTER THE EGGS HAVE BEEN RELEASED.

At regular intervals every year, in June and July, the hinder portions of the male and female palolo-worms, bearing the sperm-cells and eggs, break off and come to the surface. When the first rays of the sun strike the water, these animated eggs and sperm-sacs break up and discharge their products.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Warne and Co.



1. TYPES OF MARINE DIATOMS, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED: MINUTE PLANTS OF THE KIND ON WHICH ALL LIFE IN THE SEA ULTIMATELY DEPENDS.

These minute plants are formed of a jelly-like substance enclosing a skeleton of silica, as transparent as glass, and often beautifully sculptured. Without them there could be no life in the sea, for they not only purify the water, but furnish food for countless minute forms of animal life, on which larger creatures feed.

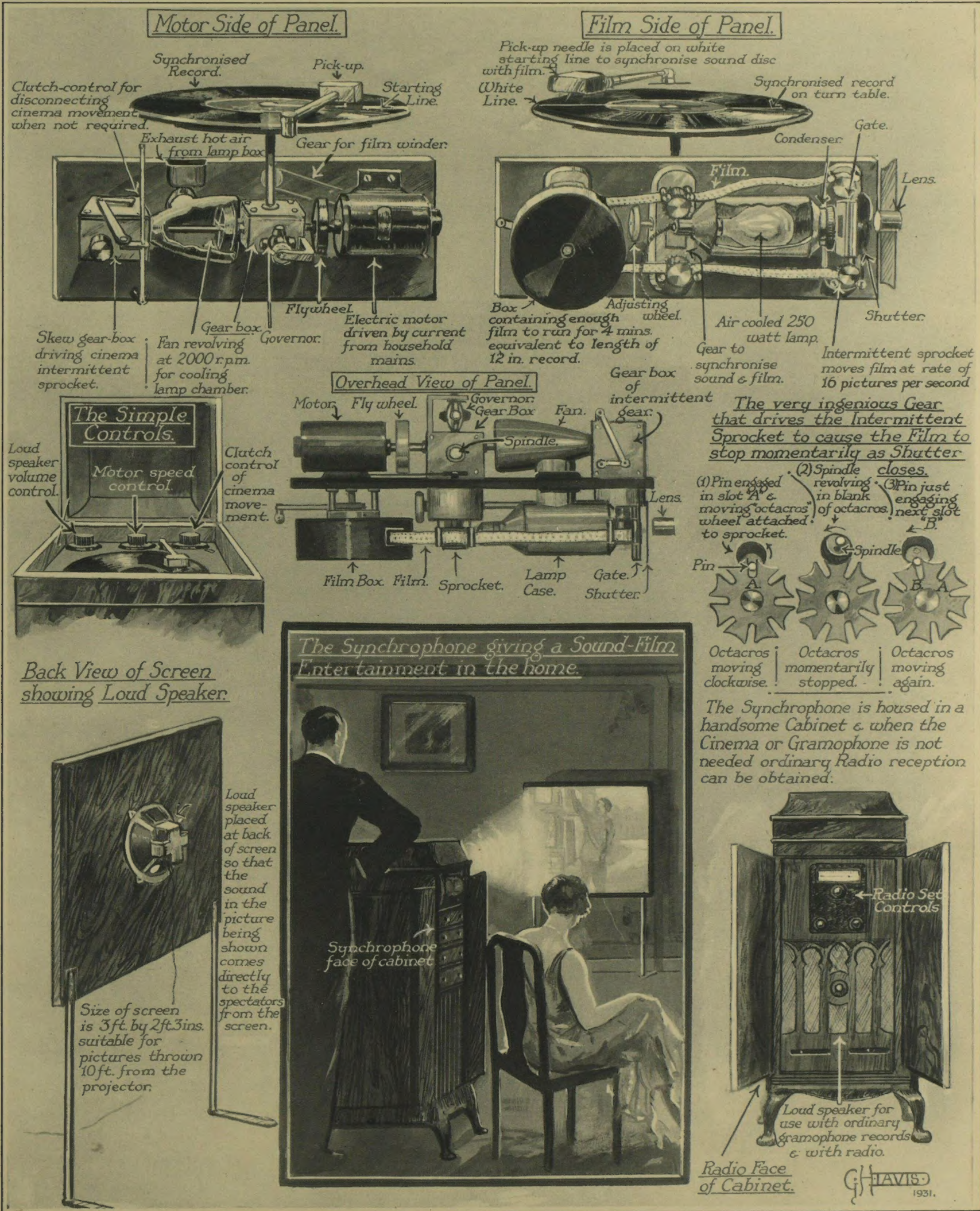
By Courtesy of Dr. Marie Lebour and of Messrs. Warne and Co.

convert inorganic matter into living tissue. This tissue, a jelly-like substance, has the power of forming glass-like skeletons of exquisite beauty, every species having a skeleton peculiar to itself. Some idea of this variety may be gathered from the adjoining photograph in Fig. 1. The peridiniums, or dionoflagellates, shown in Fig. 2 are not only of great beauty, as touching their forms, but of exceptional interest, since, like the plants, they can convert inorganic matter into organic tissue; but they can also ingest organic matter, and hence are sometimes claimed by the botanists as plants, and sometimes by the zoologists as animals.

But, be this as it may, on these, and on the equally minute and even more beautiful radiolarians and foraminifera, the newly-hatched young or larvæ of fishes and shell-fish depend for their very existence, and on these, in turn, larger and larger fishes feed. Exterminate these microscopic animals, and in an incredibly short space of

"TALKIES" IN THE HOME: FILM, WIRELESS, AND GRAMOPHONE IN ONE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY SYNCHROPHONE, LTD., LONDON.



A SELF-CONTAINED CINEMA, GRAMOPHONE, AND RADIO-SET FOR HOUSEHOLD USE: MECHANISM OF THE SYNCHROPHONE.

It is now possible to enjoy a "talkie" film at home, by means of the wonderful instrument here illustrated. The Synchronophone, shown at the National Radio Exhibition at Olympia, is a self-contained set combining ordinary radio reception, gramophone reproduction, and, finally, talking pictures, the whole being housed in a handsome cabinet with the radio and gramophone controls on one side and the "talkies" on the other. The films are synchronised with gramophone records of a special type. The film is introduced into the "gate" at a red mark, and the needle of the electric pick-up is placed on a white line on the gramophone record. The motor (driven off the household mains) is then started and instantly

excellent talking-pictures appear on the screen, placed some 10 feet away in any ordinary room. Behind the screen is a loud-speaker, so that the voices of the actors seen on the screen come directly to the spectators. Synchronised films and records are available for use in the machine at 3s. per title per week, or the films and records may be purchased at varying prices. The whole machine complete costs 125 guineas. The cabinet has drawers to hold the spools of film and 24 synchronised records, and also 24 ordinary records. By moving a knob the cinema can be cut out if the turn-table is required for ordinary records, when a loud-speaker within the cabinet comes into use.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"FIFTY YEARS OF FIRE FIGHTING IN LONDON": By JACK WHILE.*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.)

NERO'S taste in lurid spectacle is one which everybody shares, even if we do not all desire a violin obbligato with our conflagrations. If there is any man who, unlike the rest of us, might feel *blasé* about fires, it is the man who reports them for the newspapers as his daily business; and yet Mr. While, who has been doing this for more than fifty years, is able to write, with an unmistakable tone of conviction: "There are many events in this world to make the heart and the pulse beat quickly, but for real breathless excitement give me the happenings at a big fire, always replete with incident in the early stages of the disaster, and frequently afterwards. The terrific roar of the flames, increasing in fierceness and volume every moment, the arrival of the engines and long ladders, the early efforts of the firemen, the spread of the mischief, the glare of what old-time journalists used to call 'the devouring element,' the excitement of the crowds, the crash of ruined floors and roofs, the possibility of the spread of the fire—all serve to keep the heart beating much above the normal and the intellect keyed to the utmost limit."

Mr. While's heart must have been beating at an alarming rate of speed throughout the greater part of his life. It was by chance that, as a youngster, he took to reporting London fires; it soon became his settled vocation, and he has lived a consistently Salamandrian life ever since. He has watched, and knows intimately, every detail of the gradual but triumphant evolution of the London Fire Brigade. He is acquainted with every technical aspect of the methods and organisation of fire-fighting. No blaze of any moment has he ever missed. "I have dashed away from the Southwark headquarters at all hours of the day and night on the old manuals, on steamers, on horsed-escapes, on coal-vans and hose-vans, in officers' vans and motor-cars, and even in the coffee-van, to fires of every magnitude and of every character. To say that I have attended thousands of serious fires is no exaggeration." To take only one quarter of London—"I have seen very nearly every great warehouse in that long, wide, and busy thoroughfare called Southwark Street destroyed." As Mr. Edgar Wallace observes in his appreciative foreword to this book: "Officially, a fire wasn't a fire unless Jack was there, casting a knowledgeable eye over the leaping flames and guessing the deep secrets of the billowing masses of smoke."

There is ample material in London for the specialist in fires. Five times in the course of the centuries the City area has been almost entirely destroyed. Even nowadays, when all the resources of science have been enlisted against the enemy, there are 2000 fires every year in London. The estimated value of property which is now insured against fire in London is over two thousand million pounds, which is more than double what it was thirty years ago. And the progress which has been made in fire-prevention is sufficiently shown by the fact that, whereas at the present time the estimated loss by fire represents .012 per cent. of the total value of property insured, as recently as 1889 the percentage of loss was .044.

It is only within comparatively recent times that anything like systematic and energetic precautions have been taken against the manifold perils of fire in a crowded city. Mankind in past ages has been extraordinarily supine under the afflictions which have visited it, and fire, like pestilence, was accepted with resignation as irresistible calamity. Not until the beginning of the eighteenth century did legislation enforce something like an organised precautionary system, and even then it was property rather than life which was the object of solicitude. In their own obvious interest, however, the fire insurance corporations early began the attempt to minimise losses, and in 1832 they consolidated a general joint organisation which went by the name of the London Fire Engine Establishment. Their aim was, however, frankly self-regarding; they could hardly be expected to take responsibility for the protection of life; and it was not until 1865 that war against fire, on humanitarian as well as on mercenary grounds, was felt to be a matter of public policy. In that

year the Metropolitan Fire Brigade was placed under the Metropolitan Board of Works—an administrative body of such peculiar characteristics that it received from *Punch* the title of the "Board of Perks" and rapidly fell into disrepute.

The modern era of real efficiency and development began when the London Fire Brigade was formed under the London County Council in 1889. From that time on, development has been rapid and vigorous. Personnel has grown, organisation has constantly been improved: competing firms have been indefatigable, as well as highly resourceful, in perfecting new appliances. Communication and traction have been revolutionised. The famous fire-brigade horses, kings of their kind though they were, had to give way to the steam-engine, which had already been the subject of experiment as long ago as 1832. The first motor-engine appeared in 1903, and by 1911 complete mechanisation had become inevitable.

To-day, the work and the responsibilities of the London Fire Brigade are thus epitomised by Mr. While: "It protects about 120 square miles of ground, covered with every description of buildings and involving every class of risk. These buildings house millions of people for business and residential purposes; they contain huge quantities of

London Fire Brigade is undoubtedly due to his efforts more than to any other single cause. He made fire-fighting scientific, romantic, and efficient, and even fashionable. "Clubland knew him well. Aristocracy was proud to know him and to entertain him under its roofs. Princes and dukes and earls essayed the fire vogue, and went to big fires. It became the fashion to be an amateur fireman and to tell of one's experiences at a huge conflagration." Leader of this fashion was no less a person than the Prince of Wales himself, who "took up the pursuit, and had, with three or four companions, rooms in Watling Street where they kept their 'gear'—helmets, uniforms, fire-boots, belts, axes, and so forth—ready to be donned at a moment's notice. When there was a big fire on, a special messenger was sent to the Prince of Wales from the old Chandos Street station, near Charing Cross (now abolished), and an engine was kept ready for him to be rushed to the fire when he assumed his uniform." One at least of these journeys, when the leading horses of the engine fell into a hole in the road, was not without its perils.

Mr. While has much to tell not only of the heroic, but of the sinister side of London fires. On grounds of expense, it is apparently impracticable to conduct elaborate

inquiries into the causes of all the fires which occur in the metropolitan area, but in about 80 per cent. of cases the cause can be conjectured, or actually ascertained, with tolerable certainty. 20 per cent. are "unexplained," but Mr. While is convinced that in many cases the cause is only too well known to insurance companies, though it is unfortunately not demonstrable in a court of law. "I unhesitatingly assert that the professional fire-bug exists to a remarkable and, to the uninitiated, undreamt-of extent in our midst, and I have not the slightest hesitancy in stating that 75 per cent. of the fires in London where the cause is stated in the official reports to be 'unknown,' and the people are insured, are caused by incendiaries. These fire-raisers extract a heavy toll annually from the fire insurance companies, who pay up sometimes to the tune of many thousands of pounds in an individual case with the full knowledge that they have been 'done,' but with the equally full knowledge that they cannot prove the arson, and that it would be worse than useless to fight the claim." Mr. While has had personal acquaintance with some of these miscreants, who frequently work in gangs and operate successfully for years in different parts of London. Perhaps the leading exhibit in Mr. While's rogues' gallery is the notorious George Chapman, who, it seems, was an incendiary as well as a confirmed poisoner. Mr.

While once incurred the wrath of this ruffian by a report which drew from Chapman threats of an action for libel, not without some suggestion of personal violence. Another of Mr. While's more sinister acquaintances was the barber Serné, who very narrowly escaped (to the unconcealed chagrin of Mr. Justice Fitzjames Stephen) conviction on a charge of murder by arson; and it may interest Mr. While to know (if he does not know it already) that Serné enjoys the dubious privilege of having given his name to a leading case upon the law of arson.

Mr. While tells of many terribly destructive fires, and yields the palm to the Cripplegate fire of 1897, which spread over an enormous area and destroyed no less than 128 warehouses. A considerable and highly interesting part of the volume is devoted to the air raids and to the magnificent work which they elicited from the London Fire Brigade and its allied organisations. The book, in fact, is well stocked with informative matter of many kinds. Its defect is that it is unsystematic and loose in design, so that there is a good deal of unnecessary repetition. Some of the quoted extracts are much too long, and occasionally there are signs of carelessness: surely, for example, in quoting the comparative fire statistics of ten large cities, Mr. While could have given us something more recent than the figures for 1882, when the population of London was under four millions and that of New York only a little over a million? However, despite this casualness of form, the book is very readable and decidedly instructive.

C. K. A.



THE POWER OF THE MODERN FIRE-BRIGADE HOSE: HUGE JETS OF WATER PLAYING ON BUILDINGS DESTROYED IN A DISASTROUS FIRE IN LEEDS, WHICH DID DAMAGE TO THE EXTENT OF SOME £250,000.

Many business premises were wrecked in a disastrous fire which broke out in Park Lane, Leeds, on the morning of September 17. The centre of the fire was a six-storey building which contained materials of a highly inflammable nature. When the flames were at their height they reached across the main tramway, and a building occupied by the Corporation Rates Department caught alight. Fire-escapes sagged in the intense heat and fell into the flames. Among those who suffered serious loss by this fire was Lord Moynihan, the famous surgeon, whose house in Park Square was burnt, with all his papers, including complete records of his practice.

stocks of highly inflammable materials; they are of all heights and shapes; many thousands of them are old and dry and highly combustible; and only a very small portion have fire-extinguishing appliances at hand in case of sudden emergency. . . . Millions of people are watched over by a force of nearly 2000 men, who work in two shifts. The imperative necessity of every one of those men being as fit as possible, and absolutely skilled to the last degree in his profession, is obvious. . . . Every member of London's Fire Brigade is responsible for the safety of some 3000 inhabitants of the Metropolis, and inasmuch as a fireman is now only on duty for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, he is roughly responsible for about 6000 people. It is small wonder, therefore, that many men get badly injured every year in the execution of their duty, and that on an average two of them lose their lives in a twelvemonth."

This progress could not have been achieved without the influence of strong and enthusiastic personalities, among whom one in particular stands out pre-eminently. It conveys little to modern audiences when the Princess in "Iolanthe" sings—

"O Captain Shaw, type of true love kept under,
Could thy brigade, with cold cascade,
Quench my great love, I wonder?"

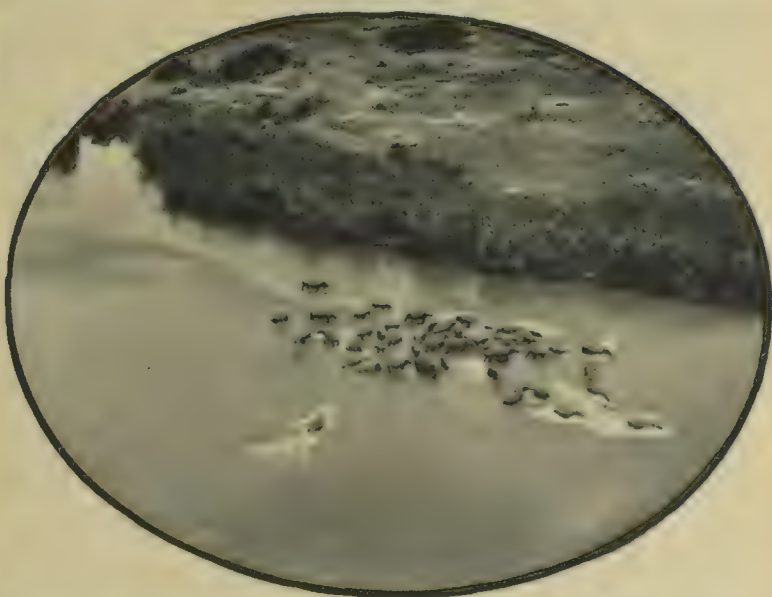
But in the 'seventies and 'eighties Captain (afterwards Sir) Eyre Massey Shaw, *alias* "The Skipper" and "The Long 'Un," was one of the most picturesque and popular figures in London, and the present high efficiency of the

* "Fifty Years of Fire Fighting in London." By Jack While. With a Foreword by Edgar Wallace. (Hutchinson 12s. 6d. net.)

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIPPOPOTAMI TAKEN FROM THE AIR.



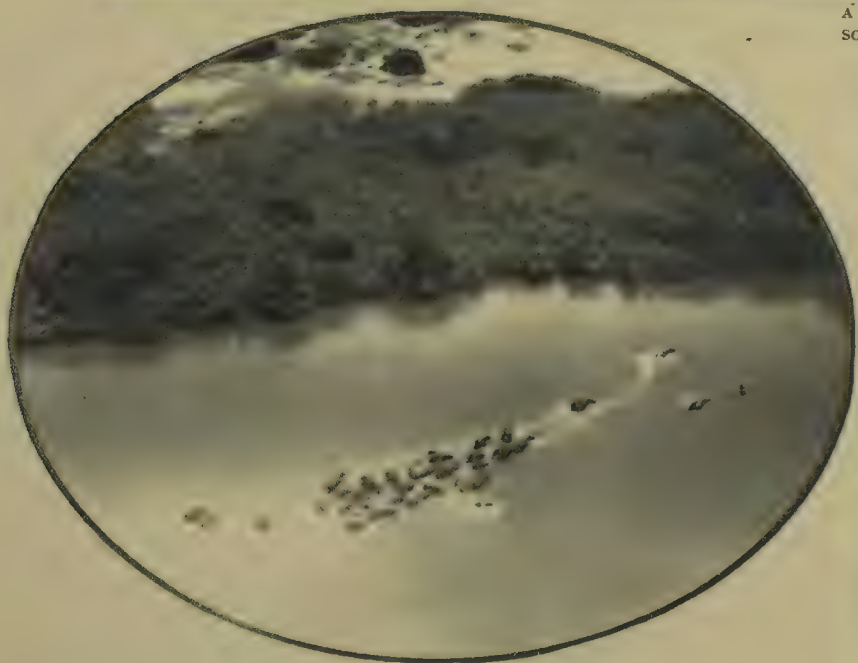
A HERD OF HIPPOPOTAMI TAKING TO THE WATER: A DASH TO THE SAFETY OF THEIR MORE FAMILIAR ELEMENT WHEN THEY HEARD THE NOISE OF THE APPROACH OF SIR ALAN COBHAM'S SEAPLANE.



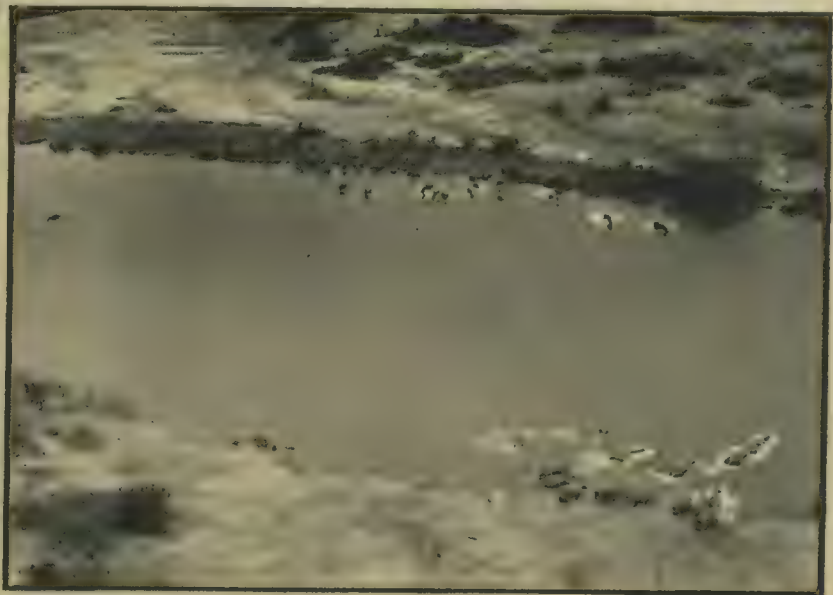
HIPPOPOTAMI ON A MUD-BANK OF THE RUCHURU RIVER: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, LIKE THE OTHERS OF THIS SERIES, WITH THE "EAGLE" CAMERA, "AS BIG AS A TRENCH MORTAR."



A BIG HERD OF HIPPO IN THE RUCHURU RIVER, WHICH FLOWS NORTHWARD INTO THE SOUTHERN END OF LAKE EDWARD, 3000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL: A VIEW WHICH GIVES A GOOD IMPRESSION OF THE VEGETATION OF THIS EQUATORIAL RIVER-VALLEY.



HIPPO IN THE SHALLOW WATER OF THE RIVER: A HERD WHICH SAW AN AEROPLANE, AND PERHAPS MANKIND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, AS SIR ALAN COBHAM FLEW SOUTHWARD TO LAKE KIVU.



HIPPOPOTAMI ON BOTH BANKS, IN A PART WHERE THEY ARE VERY NUMEROUS: A COUNTRY, SELDOM VISITED BY MAN, IN THE SHADOW OF THE "GORILLA" VOLCANOES OF BELGIAN RUANDA.

Our photographs above and on other pages, taken on the occasion of Sir Alan Cobham's recent flight to Lake Kivu, Belgian Congo, and back, form a most interesting supplement to the air photographs of African big game which were published in our issues of June 20 and July 18 last. Sir Alan Cobham was commissioned by the Air Ministry to undertake this flight. One of its objects was to make a thorough test, in the varying climatic conditions met between Rochester and Equatorial Africa, of the Short Bristol Twin-Float Plane—a craft three times larger than any other twin-float plane previously built—and to compare

its performance with that of other types used by him in Africa before. The expedition was entirely successful, and an average of over 100 miles per hour while in the air was attained over the 12,300 miles flown. In addition to cinematograph apparatus, a large "Eagle" camera was carried, described by Sir Alan as being "as big as a trench mortar," with which the photographs of hippopotami given above were taken. The Ruchuru River, where thousands of hippopotami were to be seen, rises in the mountainous "gorilla" country north of Lake Kivu, and flows into Lake Edward, 3000 feet above sea-level.

BIG GAME PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR: ELEPHANT HERDS IN THE SOUTHERN SUDAN.



ELEPHANTS IN THE SWAMPS OF THE GREAT Sudd AREA, A DISTRICT OF VAST EXTENT IN THE SOUTHERN SUDAN: A SCHOOL OF ABOUT 150 ELEPHANTS WHICH HAS SPLIT AWAY FROM THE MAIN HERD AT THE APPROACH OF THE SEAPLANE.



A BIG HERD OF ELEPHANTS IN THE SWAMP, NUMBERING ABOUT A THOUSAND ALL TOLD: A HERD WHICH HAS MADE THE SWAMP ITS HOME, PERHAPS BECAUSE IT CANNOT BE MOLESTED THERE BY INTRUDERS EITHER ON FOOT OR BY BOAT.



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE HERD AS IT RUSHED MADLY THROUGH THE SWAMP: THE BIG, UPWARD-CURVING TUSKS, WHICH IN THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT, UNLIKE THE ASIATIC, ARE NOT PECULIAR TO THE MALE, BEING PLAINLY VISIBLE.

The fine photographs which we reproduce above were taken by Sir Alan Cobham's expedition as it passed over the great swamps surrounding the Nile in the South Sudan. In the wide, gently sloping valley which the Nile enters at Gondokoro, the river becomes blocked with sudd—masses of decaying vegetation which act as a dam to the stream and, since the banks are low, cause great overflowing. Swampy land, covered with papyrus and tall reeds, and interspersed with numberless shallow lagoons, extends for many miles in every direction, and forms a flat, dreary expanse impassable to man either on foot or by boat. It is at the edge of this swamp area that the great elephant herd shown above lives by day, to come out on to the hard land at night, it is believed.



SEEN WHEN THE AIRMAN SWOOPED CLOSE OVER THE GREAT HERD, AT A HEIGHT OF ABOUT THIRTY FEET: A MAD STAMPEDE OF THE ELEPHANTS AS THE TEN-TON SEAPLANE THUNDERED OVER THEIR HEADS AT 100 MILES AN HOUR.

and feed on the various grasses that grow there. In the African elephant, unlike the Asiatic, the female as well as the male has long tusks, which are well seen in our two lower photographs. Its habitat is now restricted to Africa south of the Sahara, though in ancient times, when the aridity of North Africa was not so great, herds of African elephants roamed the southern shores of the Mediterranean. From these herds the Carthaginians captured many elephants, and used them to fight in battle. Although they are not intractable, African elephants are seldom employed now, as the Asiatic species is, in the service of man; commercially, they are sought only for the sake of their ivory, and this trade has been responsible for a rapid diminution in their numbers.

CROCODILES IN THE WILD ON THE VICTORIA NILE.



A CROCODILE ON THE BANKS OF THE VICTORIA NILE, UGANDA, HURRYING FROM ITS SUNNY MUD-BANK INTO THE WATER.



ONE OF MANY CROCODILES ON THE VICTORIA NILE: BEASTS OF WHICH IT IS DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN CLOSE-UP PHOTOGRAPHS, BECAUSE OF THEIR SHYNESS.



CROCODILES SCUTTling INTO THE WATER AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S APPROACH: A REACTION ANALOGOUS TO THAT OF THE HIPPOPOTAMI ON ANOTHER PAGE, BOTH CREATURES BEING SECURE FROM ALL ORDINARY FOES WHEN IN THE WATER.



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF A CROCODILE THAT SEEMED DROWSY: REGISTERING A SINISTER GRIN AND A LOG-LIKE IMMOBILITY.

All these photographs were taken on the Victoria Nile, Uganda, during Sir Alan Cobham's recent expedition. One of the objects of the flight was to examine a possible air-route along the chain of great lakes—from the White Nile by way of Lake Albert to Lake Edward, and over the mountains to Lake Kivu. The present Imperial Airways route follows a line to the east of this, and so far does not extend beyond Lake Victoria. The Nile leaves this lake at its northern point, and flows



REMINISCENT OF AN EXHIBIT IN THE REPTILE HOUSE OF THE "ZOO": THE FAMILIAR MOTIONLESS POSE OF AN OLD CROCODILE.

northwards and westwards to Lake Albert. This stretch is known as the Victoria Nile, and here the expedition was able to take photographs of the many crocodiles which inhabit it. The crocodiles have become very wary at the approach of man, but until disturbed they may be seen lying on the shores or on mud-banks, with jaws extended, in the full glare of the sun. While they are in this position a species of plover may sometimes be seen picking the parasites from among their teeth.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON: A SPECTACLE FOR SEPTEMBER 26.

FROM DRAWINGS BY LUCIEN RUDAUX



WHAT ONE EXPECTS TO SEE ON THE 26TH DURING THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE EARTH (ABOVE) THROWING A CONE-SHAPED SHADOW; AND (BELOW) THE MOON AT THE SUCCESSIVE STAGES, PASSING THROUGH THE PENUMBRA AND THE SHADOW, WHERE, AT FULL ECLIPSE, IT SHINES WITH A DULL RED GLOW FROM THE SUN'S RAYS, SHOWN HERE BEING REFRACTED INTO THE SHADOW BY THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.



THE BEGINNING OF THE ECLIPSE: THE MOON IN THE EVENING SKY A FEW SECONDS AFTER ENTERING THE SHADOW AT 6.54 P.M. (RIGHT-HAND PHASE IN LARGE DRAWING ABOVE).

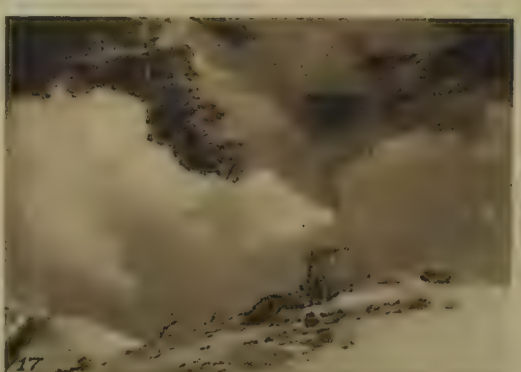
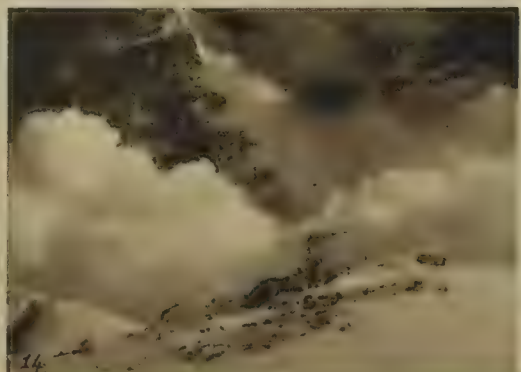
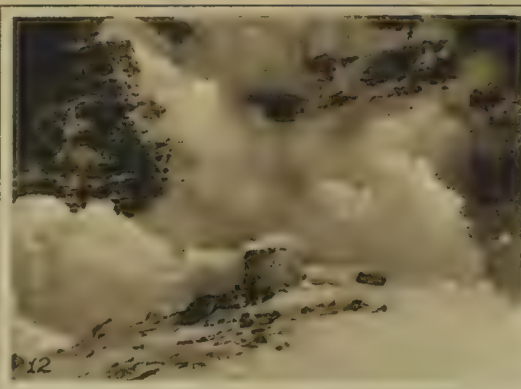
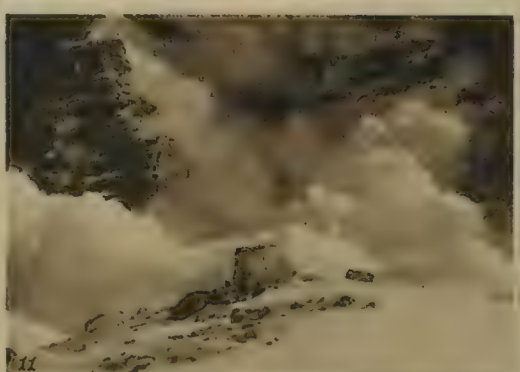
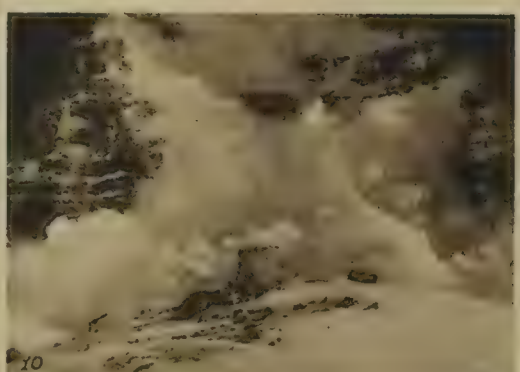
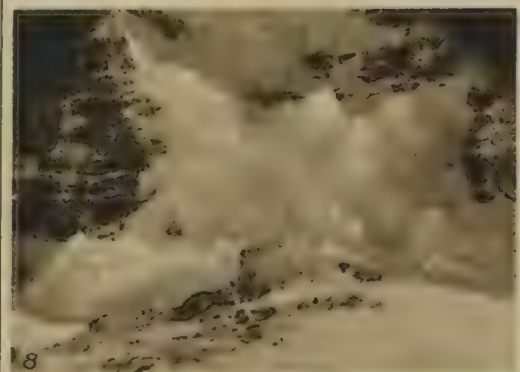
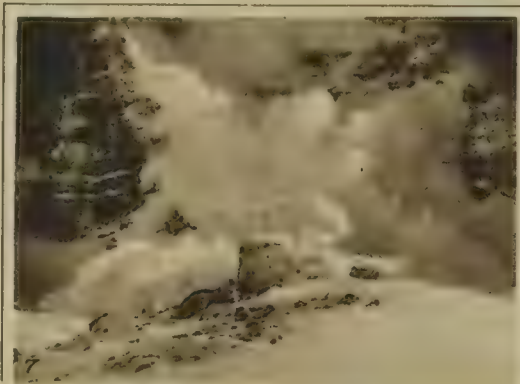
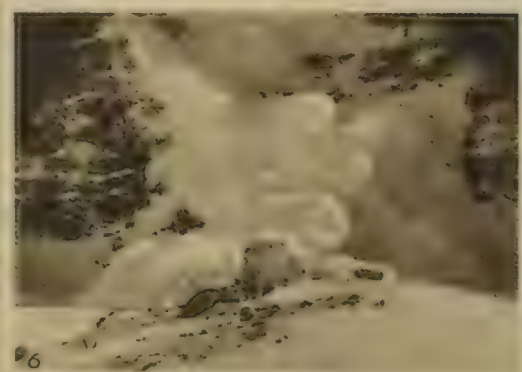
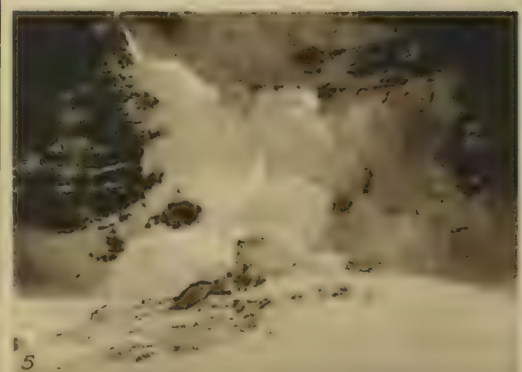
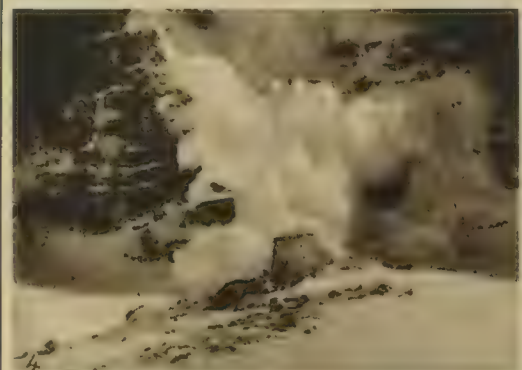
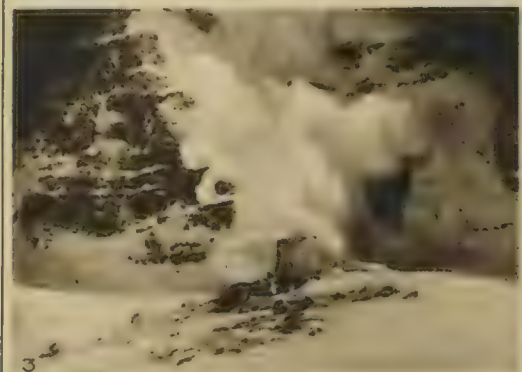
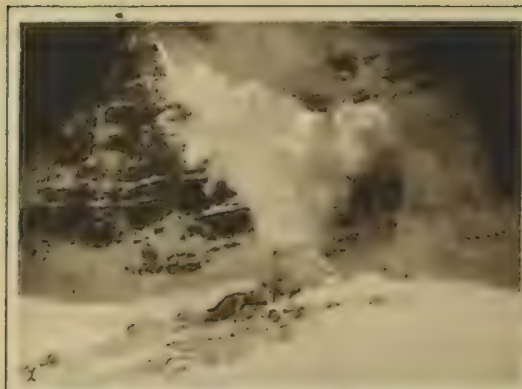
ON the evening of September 26 observers will be able to watch the earth's shadow creeping over the face of the moon from the moment she rises. As night comes on and the moon mounts the sky, she will move deeper and deeper into this shadow, to be completely eclipsed by it at 8.5 p.m., as indicated in the larger drawing. The appearance of the moon just after entering the shadow, and just previous to leaving it, is given in the two smaller illustrations on this page. That on the left shows the parts of the moon's surface which the shadow first darkens; and that on the right those which it last leaves. At full eclipse, the moon, though deprived of the light of the sun, still remains visible and shows a sombre red colour. This hue is analogous to those which show in the sky at sunset, and, like them, is caused by the solar rays refracted by the earth's atmosphere—and in this case deflected into the earth's cone-shaped shadow, as shown in our large illustration. It may be noted with reference thereto that the actual proportions of the lunar and terrestrial globes could not, of course, be given; while the cone of shadow, therein seen, would, in space, be entirely invisible.



THE END OF THE TOTAL ECLIPSE: THE MOON A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE EMERGING COMPLETELY FROM THE EARTH'S SHADOW AT 10.41 P.M. (LEFT-HAND PHASE IN LARGE DRAWING).

THE AWFUL AVALANCHE: A GREAT FALL STAGE BY STAGE.

THE most dramatic section of "Excelsior," the remarkable "Ideal" moving-picture record of last year's heroic, but unsuccessful, attempt to reach the summit of Kanchenjunga, is that which shows the collapse in an avalanche of the huge precipice of ice running across the mountain at over 21,000 feet. Our reproductions are from this phase of the film, and should be "read" downwards, as numbered. "Excelsior" is a sound-film in so far as it is accompanied by a descriptive lecture by the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery.



THE AVALANCHE OF ICE FALLING ON KANCHENJUNGA, DRIVING A CLOUD OF SPRAY BEFORE IT.

Writing of that part of the film with which our page deals, the "Times" critic said: "Of the last and most hazardous of the climbs, when the party attacked the precipice of ice which runs across Kanchenjunga at over 21,000 feet, there were necessarily only a few glimpses. But these were obtained only with the greatest

difficulty and danger. As the party was about to scale the precipice after six days of work on it, it collapsed in an avalanche, and this we are shown . . . from unbelievably near at hand." As it descended, with an appalling roar, the avalanche of broken ice drove a great cloud of spray before it.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE CINEMATOGRAPH FILM "EXCELSIOR," BY COURTESY OF IDEAL FILMS, LTD.

THE WASH OF GAR WOOD.

KAYE DON'S SPEED-BOAT SINKS.

There has been much discussion as to why "Miss England II," driven by Kaye Don, sank at Detroit during the contest with Gar Wood's "Miss America IX," whose wash she took. These cinematograph pictures may help our readers to form their own judgment. In photograph 1 "Miss England II." is moving towards the left, in the wash of "Miss America IX." In photograph 2 she is still in Gar Wood's wash. In 3, she is throwing up a wave of spray. In 4, this spray is subsiding; and "Miss England"

[Continued below.]



WHY "MISS ENGLAND II." SANK?: KAYE DON'S SPEED-BOAT IN THE WASH OF "MISS AMERICA IX."

is travelling from her rival's wash. In 5, Gar Wood's boat has turned and is entering the picture, as evidenced by the wash seen at the upper left; and Kaye Don's boat is seen as though getting across to head off Gar Wood's. In 6, "Miss England" is half-way between "Miss America" and her wash. In 7, Gar Wood's boat is speeding to the right, and Kaye Don's still getting across

to pick up her rival. No. 8 was taken just before "Miss England" began to "skid." No. 9 shows a big wave thrown up by "Miss England" as she drew parallel with "Miss America." The bow of "Miss England" is seen in the spray. When No. 10 was taken "Miss England" was about to overturn. The other photographs show the overturning and sinking (No. 17).

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IF there is one subject which can divert our minds from national (and domestic) economy, it is that which has been under discussion at the resumed sittings of the Round-Table Conference. The moment seems ripe, therefore, to mention two books which should help the general reader to understand the problems involved. If so be that he is also a voter, it is desirable that he should seek light on the subject, with a view to the next General Election. Not long ago, on this page, I drew attention to an interesting historical study called "The Indian Mutiny in Perspective." From the same hand now comes another work with a closer bearing on current questions, namely, "THE RELIGIONS AND HIDDEN CULTS OF INDIA." By Lieut. - General Sir George Macmunn, K.C.S.I., Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery. Illustrated (Sampson Low; 15s.).

Everyone knows that in that vast complex of races and creeds which, under the unifying influence of British rule, has assumed the name of India (not previously on the map), religious divergences are a paramount feature; but few, perhaps, have any but a vague idea about the multitudinous beliefs of India and their actual tenets and practices. Sir George Macmunn has done good service, therefore, in giving a popular outline of the facts, designed, as he puts it, "for the arm-chair reader who has no time or call for deeper study." Some notion of the ground he has had to cover may be gathered from this passage: "The religions of India might almost be called legion, so diverse are the cults of the more untutored tribes; but eight great faiths hold the field. Given in their order of date of origin or arrival, they may be marshalled as follows: Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Sikhism. The eighth is the religion of the Parsees, the ancient cult of Zarathrusthra, whom we call Zoroaster."

The concluding chapter, in which Sir George, from a long experience of India, connects the religious and educational outlook with the general question of the country's future, will, I think, be read with special interest. He is not complimentary to the National Congress and its moving spirit. Among other things, he writes: "For ten years and more has Viceroy after Viceroy called on Mr. Gandhi to 'come let us reason together,' to help at the wheel of progress, to save the girl wives, to rescue the outcast from their outlawry, and generally to bear a hand in the work, to lead an advanced political wing, to do anything useful and helpful and human." Sir George sums up his own views thus: "The patent truth is fairly well accepted in the world, and nowhere more than in the real India, that Great Britain with an over-riding authority can alone help those 350,000,000 along any sort of way. The building of a condominium which shall ensure this, while giving full scope to all that is good and great in India, and will secure due tribute to the countless British dead in India's service, and due recognition to the many million pounds sent to India, is in reality no very difficult matter, if heads remain sane."

Among other passages of great interest in the book are those relating to *bomb-parast* (worship of the bomb as a revolutionary weapon); to Miss Helen Mayo's "Mother India" and its sequel, "Volume Two"; a description of the King's surprise visit to the bathing ghats at Benares; and the following significant remark on the future of the Christian Churches in India: "Should the quest for Christianity come suddenly among the caste-folk, as some think it may, in the destruction that modernism threatens to fantastic creeds, there is a reasonably geared machine to receive it, capable of incorporating the immense movement that will be necessary."

The value of a book is occasionally in inverse ratio to its size. I have sometimes suffered from ponderous works in two stout tomes, between which the reviewer's soul has been ground as by the upper and the nether millstone, and I could have cheerfully hung them round the author's neck and cast him into the sea. Often, by contrast, I discover "infinite riches in a little room," as in a slim pocket-volume entitled "INDIA INSISTENT." By Sir Harcourt Butler, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. (Heinemann; 3s. 6d.). This little book is definitely designed as a *vade-mecum* to the subject of the deliberations in St. James's Palace. During his thirty-eight years in India, it fell to Sir Harcourt Butler to introduce the Chelmsford-Montagu reforms in the United Provinces and afterwards in Burma, as the first Governor in that country. Thus he writes with full knowledge and authority. Like Sir George Macmunn, he emphasises the importance of religion, which he calls "the alpha and omega of India's life." He devotes a chapter to that subject. Others deal respectively with

the land and the people, the Indian States, India's political history, the Simon Commission (whose Report is described as "a magnificent treasure-house of fact and comment"), and finally the responsibility of Parliament.

Sir Harcourt Butler's suggestions for the solution of the Indian problem deserve respectful consideration. After recalling the advantages India has enjoyed under the *Pax Britannica*, he declares: "Two fixed points emerge through the heat and dust of controversy: (1) the British cannot go; and (2) India without the help of the British cannot at present administer or protect the country. Between those two fixed points some synthesis has to be found. We cannot go because of our obligations to India herself, the interests of the Empire, and the peace of the world; for assuredly, if we withdrew the British Army from India, we should not only abandon India to chaos and internecine struggle, but we should also create a vacuum which might well give rise to universal war." Finally, he points the significance of such a picture as must

constitutional growth on Western lines, and the need for many years to come of guidance and control by the British Parliament."

This picture of Benares may be compared with another given by an author concerned rather with externals than with inner meanings. It occurs in "GOING FURTHER." By Geoffrey Malins. Illustrated (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 18s.). This book is the record of an astonishing achievement in modern travel—"the complete circling of the world by motor-cycle and side-car, a feat involving 22,800 miles of desert and bush, of mountain range and jungle track; snow-storms, sand-storms, and monsoons." The three main objects of the expedition, successfully accomplished, were "to create a record for, and demonstrate the reliability of, British motor-cycles; to investigate the position of British films in the various countries traversed; and to secure a film of the whole trip, for subsequent lecturing purposes." The map of the route shows that some longish laps of the course were covered on shipboard, as from Gibraltar to Alexandria, *via* Malta; and from Bali to Brisbane.

Captain Malins describes the adventures of himself and his companion, Mr. Charles Oliver, in the racy language of ordinary conversation, strongly spiced with humour and anecdote. The general impression on the reader's mind is one of bewildering rapidity in changes of scene, typical of this age of speed. It may be added that Captain Malins has since been leading the British African Trade Expedition across Africa from Cairo to the Cape by motor-car. In his Indian chapters he disregards politics. Thus, although he mentions a dinner with Sir Harcourt Butler and "a delightful chat with Lord Irwin, and also with the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Birdwood," these occasions do not give rise to any remarks on the state of Indian affairs.

To return to Benares, here is the author's description of his visit: "Charles and I were the centre of a curious crowd, as we elbowed our way towards the sacred well on the Manikamike Ghat, and, as we neared the topmost point of the steps, the stench which emanated from an evil-looking pool some distance below us almost took our breath away. It was considerably worse than a gas attack. . . . The steps were crowded with countless pilgrims; new arrivals were carrying fruit, flowers, oils, and milk, and casting them into the pool. The sun evaporates the water and leaves behind a stagnant mass of rotting garbage, which was the cause of the unutterable smell. But the most amazing thing about it was that the natives were actually bathing in this putrefying mess. . . . To those unaccustomed to the ways of the East, the fanaticism of such faith is past understanding."

Remembering that, as Captain Malins says, "Benares is to the Hindu what Jerusalem is to the Christian, or Mecca to the Mohammedan," let us turn now to his description of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. "From a gallery in the centre of the church," he says, "I watched what was going on below; and this is what I saw in this Holy of Holies, the heart of the Christian world. In the first place, dirt, dust, decay, and tawdry tinsel everywhere. . . . A shuffling of feet below advertised the presence of three native guides, with their hats on, laughing and talking aloud as they would have done in any tavern in the city. Touts of all ages were coming in and out for the purpose of accosting visitors, and strolling round jesting and spitting on the church floor. I turned with stupefied amazement to my friend. 'Does this go on always?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'One reason for the decay and neglect is that the various sects cannot agree. None will allow any other to repair any section of the church, in case it should give them a more substantial standing.'"

Commenting on this deplorable scene, Captain Malins adds: "I came away nauseated. If any of my readers contemplate visiting the Holy City, and wish to retain their ideals and to keep their impressions happy, I strongly advise them to stay away from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre until the rabble, the sham, and the mockery are swept away, and are replaced by cleanliness and reverence. It is hopeless to leave it to the various Christian bodies represented there—the British Government itself must step in and demand that these things be done." The Churches have need, it seems, of some such unification as the British Raj has given to India. Meanwhile the Moslem and the Hindu, and the heathen to whom we send missions, may with some reason say to the Christian: "Set thine house in order." C. E. B.



AN APE THAT HAS CAUSED MUCH DISCUSSION AMONG ZOOLOGISTS: THE MUNICH YOUNG CHIMPANZEE, OF ABNORMAL SKIN COLOUR.

Much discussion, and some discrepancy of opinion, has been aroused among zoologists as to the peculiarities of this young ape from the Cameroons, now in the Zoological Gardens at Munich. It is described as being a young chimpanzee, about two years old, and very timid, with thin hair, long limbs, and slim hands. A well-known expert on chimpanzees, who has seen the animal, states that there is nothing abnormal about it except the light red colour of the body, which usually occurs at a later stage of growth, and that young chimpanzees are generally black. Another authority, however, to whom we submitted the photograph, writes: "There are many local races of chimpanzees, and the photograph evidently represents one of these, but it is very unlike any race that I am familiar with, and is certainly a most strange animal."

have presented itself to the King-Emperor when he made that unofficial visit above mentioned.

"If" (we read) "anyone captivated by eloquence and superficial developments inclines to the belief that in India all things are becoming new, let him drift in a barge down the river-front in the early morning at Benares, with its palaces and temples, its shrines and its burning ghats, its priests and ascetics, its mysterious practices and multifarious ritual, its animal life, the monkeys, the goats, the sacred bulls, the whole apparatus, as it has been called, of higher and lower Hinduism, unchanged through the centuries, untouched by the West. . . . Let him reflect also on the recent horrors of Cawnpore and other outbreaks of pure savagery. Then it may be he will realise more clearly than before the immensity, the diversity, and the insistence of India, the difficulties of accelerating

A PAGE FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



AN OUTSTANDING ITEM IN THE SILESIAN EXHIBITION AT MAGDEBURG: THE RAM OF JORDANSMÜHL.

An exhibition, with the title of "Beautiful Silesia," is now being held at Magdeburg. One of the most interesting exhibits from the archaeological point of view is this ancient ram, found at Jordansmühl, in Silesia, some fifteen miles south of Breslau. The ram is believed to date back to 2500 B.C., and probably had a religious significance.

THE FARADAY CENTENARY EXHIBITION: THE ALBERT HALL RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY IN WHICH FARADAY WORKED IN THE 'FIFTIES.

The Faraday Centenary Exhibition, which opened at the Royal Albert Hall on September 23 and will continue until October 3, includes a very accurate reconstruction of the chemical laboratory used by Faraday in the Royal Institution. It is based on a painting done by Harriet Moore in 1852, which is in the possession of the Institution, a work which shows Faraday engaged upon an experiment. Some of the original apparatus is contained in it.



THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION: THE IMPOSING ENTRANCE TO THE 241-ACRE COLISEUM AND LIVE-STOCK BUILDING.

The Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, which is the world's biggest annual exhibition, was opened this year, on August 29, by Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe. The great success of the enterprise is proved by the attendance of 1,657,000 in the first fortnight, though the record attendance for two weeks was 2,039,000, in 1929. This is the fifty-third consecutive year in which it



THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION: A NEW AND PERMANENT ADDITION.

HOUSING THE FLOWER SHOW AND FRUIT EXHIBITS: THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.



has been held. The floor-space now available for exhibits amounts to 2½ million square feet, 24½ acres of which are occupied by the Coliseum and Live Stock Pavilion, shown above on the left. In the last four years approximately four million dollars have been invested in permanent buildings at the exhibition, to which the Ontario Government Building shown is a recent addition. Speaking at the Hotel Victoria before he sailed for Canada, Lord Jellicoe said: "The Canadian National Exhibition is an important event, and a great advertisement for the Dominion."



THE CRUISE OF THE SUBMARINE "NAUTILUS" INTO THE ARCTIC: SIR HUBERT WILKINS'S UNLUCKY CRAFT, WHICH IS TO BE SUNK, HER WORK HAVING ENDED.

The submarine "Nautilus," whose venture into Arctic waters was not attended by the best of fortune, arrived at Bergen on September 20, on her return to civilisation. Sir Hubert Wilkins reported to the "News Chronicle": "Captain Danenhower and myself will remain here for some



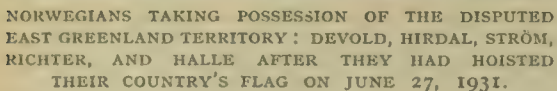
THE "NAUTILUS" IN ARCTIC WATERS WHEN SHE "BURROWED AROUND UNDER THE ICE": THE POLAR SUBMARINE FORGING AHEAD THROUGH DRIFT ICE IN A CALM.

time to dispose of our equipment, and the vessel 'Nautilus' will probably be sent to a watery grave. Plans are now being made to sink her." Most of the other members of the expedition arranged to leave for New York immediately, and were due to sail from London in a tanker on September 25.

NORWAY AND DENMARK CONCERNED ABOUT EAST GREENLAND—DANISH TERRITORY OR A "NO MAN'S LAND" IN WHICH NORWAY ALONE HAS INTERESTS?

As far back as July it was announced that Norway and Denmark were desirous that the International Arbitration Court at the Hague should determine the question of sovereignty over the east coast of Greenland. The argument then advanced by Denmark was that East Greenland was Danish territory; while Norway urged that it was a no man's land, although it should be under Norwegian rule as Norway alone had interests there. Meantime, Norway occupied a part of the coast in order that ambiguity might be excluded and a definite case for decision be created.

WHEN the Permanent International Court at the Hague, which was established under Article 14 of the League of Nations Treaty, is again summoned, it will find on its table a complaint from Denmark owing to an alleged encroachment by Norway on asserted Danish rights in Greenland. The fact is that on July 12 last the Norwegian peasant Government under Premier Kolstad officially announced the occupation by Norway of that part of East Greenland which extends from Carlsbergfjord



(71°30' N.) to Besseltfjord (75°40' N.). The tract in question had been taken possession of by a small Norwegian hunting expedition on June 27. This act was the last word by Norway in a controversy which had prevailed between the two friendly countries since 1921, and which appears to have impaired the cordial and fraternal relations existing between the two peoples. From an international point of view this pending conflict comprises issues of a considerable interest, and it may be appropriate, therefore, to recapitulate some of its outstanding historical and political data.

Greenland was heard of for the first time at the end of the ninth century, when an Icelander by the name of Gunbjorn was driven westwards by heavy storms, where he sighted the Ice Cap of Greenland. A few years later, or in 983, a Norwegian by the name of Erik the Red, who had left his homeland and settled down in Iceland, was forced to leave that country owing to manslaughter. Accompanied by some Icelanders, he founded an independent community in Greenland. It was not until 1152, when the Norwegian Archbishopric was established at Nidaros, that Greenland was included ecclesiastically under Norway. About a century later the Greenlanders voluntarily subjected themselves to the rule of the King of Norway, with the result that the trade with Greenland became a Norwegian monopoly. This led to frequent intercourse between Norway and Greenland, which lasted to the end of the fifteenth century, when the connection grew weaker and finally ceased. Meanwhile, Greenland, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands were included in the Union which was established between Denmark and Norway at the end of the fifteenth century under Queen Margrethe of Denmark.

An expedition which was sent to Greenland in 1585, with the object of re-establishing connection with the descendants of the old Northmen, only found remnants of their old settlements. It is assumed that the white men in Greenland had succumbed to pest and famine, or perhaps been absorbed by the native Eskimo population. The second colonisation of Greenland took place in 1721, when a Norwegian-born clergyman, who was financed by the Greenland Company of Bergen, went to Greenland as a missionary. This company obtained from the Union Government at Copenhagen the exclusive right of trading with the native population of Greenland. However, the Norwegian company sustained heavy losses and eventually gave up, with the result that the basis for navigation on and trading with Greenland was transferred to Copenhagen. At first the trade was operated privately, but in 1774 it was taken over by the Union Government. By a Royal Decree of 1776, a series of regulations was

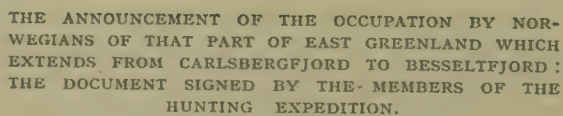
laid down for the administration of the monopoly. This decree still constitutes the fundamental basis of the administration of the Greenland Monopoly.

At the dissolution of the Union between Denmark and Norway in 1814, Greenland remained with Denmark. As an ally of Napoleon, Frederik VI. of Denmark and Norway was compelled to conclude the Peace of Kiel on Jan. 14, 1814, whereby Norway was ceded to the King of Sweden. It was provided by Article 4 of the Treaty that Greenland, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands were exempted from the cession. During the negotiations that followed regarding the settlement of the mutual national debt—which lasted five years—Norway-Sweden protested against the alleged dismemberment of the colonies. Denmark demanded that Norway should pay one-third of the mutual national debts, which aggregated 45 million Rigsdaler. An attempt on the part of Norway to combine the question of the colonies with the national debt resulted in a protest from Denmark. Under heavy pressure from the side of the Great Powers in favour of Denmark's cause, and through the intervention of Great Britain, Sweden - Norway eventually gave way. Meanwhile, Denmark had declared herself willing to accept three million Rigsdaler upon the understanding that the question of the colonies was to be considered as settled once and for all.

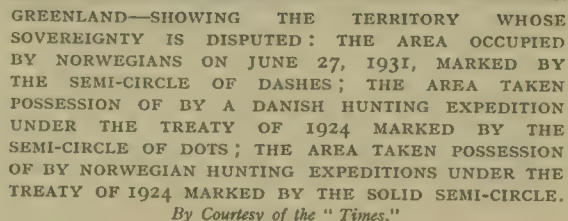
Meanwhile, Norway had founded her own National Assembly, the Storting. On May 29, 1821, the new Norwegian Legislature ratified a Convention (dated Sept. 1, 1819) covering the financial settlement, and at the same time unanimously adopted a resolution providing for the payment of three million Rigsdaler to Denmark. Both the Convention and the resolution provided that everything relating to the former Union between Denmark and Norway and to the Treaty of Kiel was to be considered as completely adjusted. For nearly one hundred years after this settlement was made, Norway has made no official claim on any part of Greenland.

When Denmark sold the West Indian Islands to the United States in 1916, she availed herself of the opportunity to remove any doubt there might exist with regard to the Monroe Doctrine by requesting and obtaining from the Government of the United States a recognition of her sovereignty over the whole of Greenland, including such parts of the east coast as had meanwhile been laid open to the world, chiefly through Danish Arctic explorers. After the World War, Denmark also obtained the recognition of France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and Sweden. On this occasion Denmark also approached the Norwegian Government, from which she requested a similar recognition. After considering the question, the Norwegian Government verbally informed the Danish Government through its Minister at Christiania that Norway would have no objection to Denmark extending her economic and political interests to include the whole of Greenland.

On May 10, 1921, the Danish Government issued an official proclamation to the effect that the whole of Greenland was included under Danish colonial rule. Meanwhile a new Cabinet had taken office in Norway, which immediately protested against the Danish proclamation. Denmark was officially notified that the new Norwegian Government



Translated, the document reads: "To-day, at 5 o'clock p.m., we have raised the Norwegian flag and, in the name of H.M. King Haakon VII., have taken possession of the territory from Carlsbergfjord in the South to Besseltfjord in the North and have named this district Eirik Raude's Land. Myggbukta, 27 June, 1931. (Signed) Hallvard Devold. Ingvard Ström. Soren Richter. Eilis Hirdal. Thor Halle." As is noted in the article, the occupation was announced officially on July 12.



would not and could not feel itself bound by the verbal promise made by a former Norwegian Government. It stated, furthermore, that an extension of the Danish monopoly to the whole of East Greenland would hamper the interests of Norwegian citizens, who were engaging in fishing and hunting along the coast of East Greenland. This started a controversy between the two countries, the first phase of which lasted over three years and resulted in a compromise Convention, which was signed in 1924. By virtue of its Article 4, persons and companies of Danish or Norwegian nationality were at liberty to take possession of land within the territory in question for useful purposes. Such ownership, however, would be forfeited if the owner did not visit the place for five consecutive years.

The protocol minutes which accompanied the Convention summarised the division of opinion existing between the two Governments in respect of several fundamental questions. The Norwegian Government maintained that the colony founded by Norwegians in Greenland in 1721 could never comprise a greater area than that which was actually included under the Government Administration at the time, and consequently that all Greenlandic territory not so occupied has remained *terra nullius*. They further emphasised that if the territory in question was to be placed under the dominion of any one country, it would be right in principle for East Greenland to be declared Norwegian. Mention was also made of the alleged great injustice done to Norway in 1814, when she was deprived under pressure of Greenland.

In manifesting the Danish standpoint that Denmark possessed the full sovereignty over the whole of Greenland, the Danish Government referred to the Treaties, Conventions, and Resolutions mentioned in the foregoing and emphasised that, by her verbal promise to the Danish Minister at Christiania in 1919, Norway had once and for all renounced her rights to lodge any protest against Denmark's sovereignty over the whole of Greenland. The Treaty of 1924 should remain in force for twenty years. This Treaty settled the controversy for the time being. Danish and Norwegian hunting companies have since taken possession of large tracts between Scoresby Sound and Shannon Island, the Norwegian hunters concentrating in the southern part and the Danish hunters in the northern part. Both Danish and Norwegian companies have failed, but others have taken their place. Since the summer of 1930, the situation in East Greenland has again been much strained. Local frictions between Danish and Norwegian hunters developed into an open conflict, when it was announced last winter that a large Danish scientific expedition under Lauge Koch would be sent to East Greenland in the summer of 1931.

Meanwhile, the national sentiment had been aroused in Norway, and the demand for a definite settlement of the old controversy was set forth with growing emphasis. On June 27 it was announced that the small Norwegian hunting company at Mackenzie Bay had occupied in the name of his Majesty the King of Norway the tract in East Greenland extending from Carlsbergfjord to Besseltfjord. This came as a great surprise not only to Denmark, but also to the Norwegian Government, which assured the Danish Government that it only considered the act of the Norwegian hunters as a private step. The negotiations which followed between the two Governments clearly reflected a unanimous desire of having the conflict settled by the International Court at the Hague. However, the Norwegian Government demanded, among other things, that Denmark should declare beforehand that she would have no objection to Norway acquiring the sovereignty over such territories in Greenland where Danish sovereignty was not recognised by the Court. As the Danish Government declined to accept this proposal, it was decided by the State Council of Norway, at a meeting on July 12, 1931, officially to occupy East Greenland from Carlsbergfjord to Besseltfjord. This step on the part of Norway created much bitterness in Denmark, and resulted in an official complaint by Denmark to the International Court at the Hague.

THE REMAINS OF AN AVALANCHE AS A BRIDGE: AN AMAZING SPAN.

MOUNT KAMET EXPEDITION PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "TIMES."



A SNOW BRIDGE FORMED BY THE ALAKNANDA BURROWING BENEATH THE DÉBRIS OF A SNOW-AVALANCHE: A MOST REMARKABLE NATURAL STRUCTURE NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE HOLIEST TRIBUTARY OF THE GANGES.

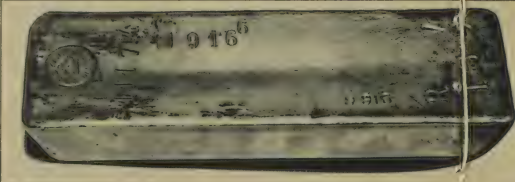
The official description of this Mount Kamet Expedition photograph is: "A natural snow bridge near the source of the Alaknanda; formed by the river burrowing beneath the débris of a large snow-avalanche which fell at the end of the winter." As to the Alaknanda, Mr. Frank S. Smythe wrote: "At Hanuman Chatti we found ourselves for the first time on the famous pilgrim

route to Badrinath and the sacred source of the Ganges. There we saw the Ganges itself, or, rather, the Alaknanda, its chief and holiest tributary, a swollen torrent roaring down the gorge on its turbulent way to the plains." Other very remarkable photographs taken by the Mount Kamet Expedition appeared in our issues of July 4, July 18, August 8, 15, and 22.

SUSPENSION OF THE GOLD STANDARD AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE: THE GOVERNMENT'S DRAMATIC MOVE TO PROTECT BRITISH FINANCE.



THE REPOSITORY OF THE NATION'S MONEY, WHICH AT PRESENT HAS A HOLDING OF ABOUT 130,000,000 IN GOLD: THE BANK OF ENGLAND—PART OF THE NEW FACADE.



A BANK OF ENGLAND GOLD INGOT CONTAINING 91.66 PER CENT. OF GOLD: PRECIOUS METAL WHOSE PRICE WAS STATED TO HAVE RISEN ON SEPTEMBER 22 TO 99s. 7d. PER FINE OUNCE (SAID TO BE THE HIGHEST PRICE REACHED SINCE 1921).



THE STANDARD GOLD INGOT OF THE STATE BANK OF FRANCE, WHICH CONTAINS 99.50 PER CENT. OF GOLD—THE MINIMUM ACCEPTED UNTIL NECESSITIES OF EXCHANGE INTRODUCED FOREIGN INGOTS.



THE IMPORT OF GOLD FROM A SOURCE WITHIN THE EMPIRE: EMBARKING GOLD IN AUSTRALIA FOR SHIPMENT TO THIS COUNTRY—UNLOADING CASES OF BULLION FROM A LORRY.



THE EFFECT OF THE NEW MEASURE ON THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE, WHICH WAS CLOSED FOR TWO DAYS: A CROWD OF BROKERS AND CLERKS OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON SEPTEMBER 21.



HOW GREAT BRITAIN'S STORE OF GOLD IS REGULARLY PROTECTED: A DETACHMENT OF THE GRENADEIER GUARDS ENTERING THE BANK OF ENGLAND FOR NIGHT-GUARD DUTY.



WEIGHING GOLD (AFTER CONVERSION INTO BARS) AT THE U.S. ASSAY OFFICE, NEW YORK: A PROCESS REQUIRING HUGE WEIGHTS (ON LEFT) TO BALANCE THE GOLD—A HEAVY METAL.

The Government Bill for the temporary suspension of the Gold Standard was passed through both Houses of Parliament on September 21 and received the Royal Assent. The origin and meaning of this dramatic move was explained in an official statement (issued on the previous day) wherein we read: "His Majesty's Government have decided, after consultation with the Bank of England, that it has become necessary to suspend for the time being the operation of Sub-section (2) of Section 1 of the Gold Standard Act of 1925, which requires the Bank to sell gold at a fixed price. . . . The reasons which have led to this decision are as follows: Since the middle of July funds amounting to more than £200,000,000 have been withdrawn from the London market. The withdrawals have been met partly from gold and foreign currency held by the Bank of England, partly from the proceeds of a credit of £50,000,000, which shortly matures, secured by the Bank of England from New York and Paris, and partly from the proceeds of the French and American credits, amounting to £80,000,000, recently



THE EXPORT OF GOLD BY AIR TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES AT A TIME WHEN IT WAS BEING FREELY SENT ABROAD: LOADING GOLD INTO AN AEROPLANE AT CROYDON.



A MILLION DOLLARS IN AMERICAN GOLD COIN: A "PATH OF GOLD" AT SAN FRANCISCO, CONSISTING OF 50,000 20-DOLLAR GOLD PIECES WEIGHING 1 7/8 TONS.

obtained by the Government. During the last few days the withdrawals of foreign balances have accelerated so sharply that his Majesty's Government have felt bound to take the decision mentioned above. This decision will, of course, not affect obligations of his Majesty's Government or the Bank of England which are payable in foreign currencies. The gold holding of the Bank of England amounts to some £130,000,000, and, having regard to the contingencies which may have to be met, it is inadvisable to allow this reserve to be further reduced. There will be no interruption of ordinary banking business. . . . The ultimate resources of this country are enormous, and there is no doubt that the present exchange difficulties will prove only temporary." In his speech introducing the Bill, Mr. Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said: "The unequal distribution of the world's supply of gold has long been under the consideration of the Government and the Bank of England. . . . America and France taken together have now acquired three-quarters of the entire gold in the world."



"AMERICA AND FRANCE HAVE ACQUIRED THREE-QUARTERS OF THE ENTIRE GOLD IN THE WORLD": SHOVELLING ENGLISH GOLD INTO THE MELTING-POT AT THE U.S. ASSAY OFFICE.

HAVOC BY WATER IN CHINA: VAST FLOODS WITH 80,000,000 VICTIMS.



"RIVER POLICE" IN THE FLOODED STREETS OF HANKOW, WHERE MARTIAL LAW AT NIGHT WAS PROCLAIMED IN ORDER TO PUT A STOP TO ROBBERY: CHINESE POLICEMEN WITH RIFLES PATROLLING IN A SAMPAN.



HOUSE-REMOVAL BY WATER UNDER STRESS OF FLOODS: A TYPICAL BOAT-LOAD OF REFUGEES IN A SAMPAN WITH THEIR GOODS AND CHATTELS, INCLUDING THE INEVITABLE UMBRELLA.



ON TRAFFIC DUTY IN FLOODED HANKOW: A CHINESE POLICEMAN, AIDED BY A SOLDIER, STATIONED ON AN ANCHORED BOX.



RICKSHAWS STILL PLIED FOR HIRE, THOUGH THE WATER HAD RISEN SOMETIMES LEVEL WITH THEIR SEATS: TRANSPORT IN HANKOW DURING THE FLOODS.

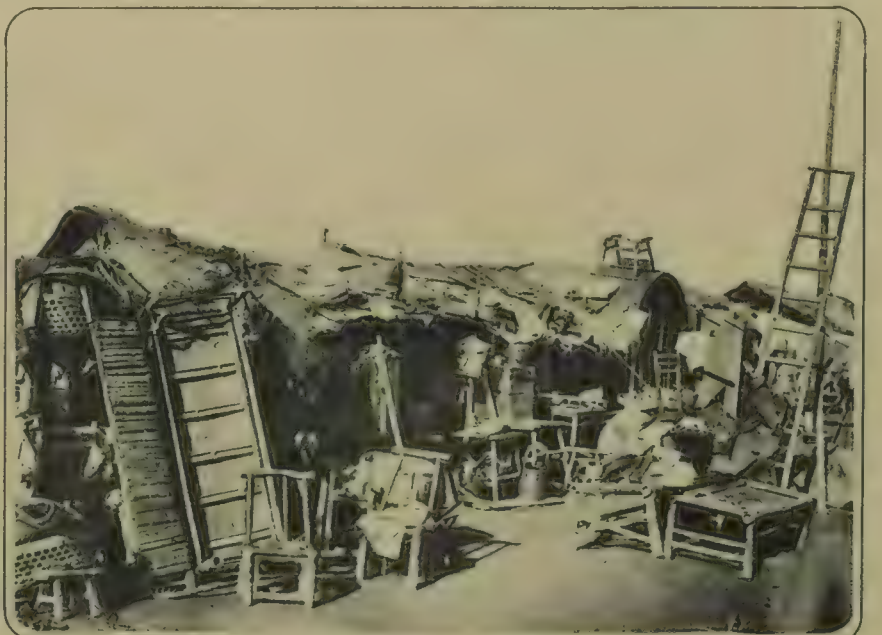


A BARE-LEGGED CHINESE POLICEMAN FINDS A DRY PERCH ON A PILLAR-BOX: FLOODS ON THE FRENCH BUND AT HANKOW.



SOME OF THE 70,000 REFUGEES FROM RURAL DISTRICTS AT HANKOW: SHELTERS ALONG THE RAILWAY-TRACK, WHERE THEY TOOK REFUGE WHEN THEIR CAMP WAS FLOODED THROUGH A BURST DYKE.

As mentioned under the photographs on our front page, the flood catastrophe in China has proved worse than was at first supposed. An eye-witness writing recently in the "Times" said: "By the end of the disaster the number of drowned will exceed 1,000,000. Far more will have died from starvation and disease." A few days earlier it had been officially stated in Nanking that "the flood victims" throughout the country numbered 80,000,000. Describing scenes at Hankow, where the refugees numbered about 70,000, the same writer says: "The Yangtze rose above the Bund, and many parts of the city were flooded. Rickshaws still plied for hire, though the water was level with their seats. Sampans in the streets became an everyday sight. . . . Most [of the refugees]



WHERE THE CONDITIONS BECAME TERRIBLE THROUGH OVERCROWDING, FOOD-SHORTAGE, DISEASE, AND LACK OF SANITATION: A TYPICAL CHINESE REFUGEE SETTLEMENT ON TOP OF A DYKE NEAR HANKOW.

encamped at the back of the city, with what goods and livestock they had managed to save. This land was protected by dykes from the Han River and by the railway embankment from the town floods. Eventually one of the dykes burst and flooded this ground. The refugees fled to the railway tracks." Martial law was proclaimed in Hankow, from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m., but many robberies continued to occur every night. In the province of Hupeh the losses are held to have been aggravated by failure of the authorities concerned to maintain the dykes, for which large taxes had been imposed. As a result of protests by Chinese and foreign merchants, alleging that the funds had been diverted to other purposes, two high officials were ordered to give an account of their expenditure.

HAVOC BY WAR IN CHINA: THE CLASH WITH THE JAPANESE.



FORCES OF THE COUNTRY WHOSE CAPITAL WAS RECENTLY OCCUPIED, AFTER SOME FIGHTING, BY THE JAPANESE: MANCHURIAN CAVALRY OF THE MUKDEN GARRISON ON PARADE.



PART OF THE MANCHURIAN ARMY, WHICH WAS ORDERED (IN A MESSAGE FROM MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH-LIANG) NOT TO OFFER ANY RESISTANCE TO THE JAPANESE ACTION: INFANTRY ON PARADE AT MUKDEN.



JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING MUKDEN ON A PREVIOUS OCCASION: AN INTERESTING SCENE IN VIEW OF RECENT EVENTS.



IN THE CAPITAL OF MANCHURIA, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY JAPANESE TROOPS AFTER SOME SHELLING: THE MAIN BUSINESS STREET OF MUKDEN.



THE GOVERNOR OF MANCHURIA, WHO SENT ORDERS TO CHINESE TROOPS AT MUKDEN NOT TO RETALIATE: MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH-LIANG.



MECHANISATION IN THE MANCHURIAN ARMY OF MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH-LIANG: A SQUADRON OF TANKS IN A MARCH-PAST BEFORE HIM DURING A REVIEW OF TROOPS AT MUKDEN.



HEAVY FIELD ARTILLERY OF THE MANCHURIAN ARMY: SOME 10.5-C.M. GUNS, MADE IN THE ARSENAL AT MUKDEN (RECENTLY SHELLED BY THE JAPANESE), TAKING PART IN A MILITARY REVIEW.

The Japanese forces in Manchuria took sudden and drastic action on September 19, apparently without consulting the Government in Tokio. According to Japanese reports, Chinese soldiers had cut the South Manchurian railway by blowing up a bridge near Mukden, and had fired on a Japanese patrol. Within eighteen hours of this incident, Japanese troops had occupied Mukden and secured both ends of the railway by disarming Chinese troops at the terminals. At Changchun, it was stated, fighting occurred between 4000 Kirin troops and 800 Japanese, who captured 443 prisoners and 42 guns. The Japanese casualties were given as 51 killed and 68 wounded. Before entering Mukden, it was reported, the Japanese fired shells at the camp and the arsenal. They then occupied the walled city, the

arsenal, air-port, and wireless station. "Chang Hsueh-liang (the Governor of Manchuria)," said a "Times" report from Tokio, "was dining in Peking with Sir Miles Lampson, British Minister in China, when the news reached him. He immediately telegraphed instructions to the Chinese that they were not to resist. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Japanese Foreign Office was stunned by the news." The Japanese Army in Manchuria, it is said, had become exasperated by Chinese disregard of Japanese rights and, more particularly, by the failure to investigate officially the murder of Captain Nakamura, a Japanese officer travelling in China. It was stated on September 21 that the Chinese Government had appealed to the League of Nations to consider the Japanese action in Manchuria.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



SIR OSWALD MOSLEY'S UNFAVOURABLE RECEPTION AT GLASGOW: THE LEADER OF THE NEW PARTY ADDRESSING THE MEETING—WITH "KID" LEWIS ON HIS LEFT.

Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the New Party, addressed a large gathering on Glasgow Green on September 20. The meeting was rendered tumultuous by Communist and other interruptions; stones were thrown and free fights took place. "Kid" Lewis, the boxer, who joined the New Party recently, can be seen in the photograph.



MISS PAMELA WILKINSON—AGED 11 YEARS 4 MONTHS—THE YOUNGEST CLIMBER OF MONT BLANC.

Miss Pamela Wilkinson, of Golders Green, is the youngest person to have climbed Mont Blanc, which she ascended recently. Before her, Charlet Stratton, the son of a Chamonix guide, climbed Mont Blanc, in 1889, when he was eleven years and six months.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



COLONEL R. E. B. CROMPTON, C.B.: THE VETERAN GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE INTERNATIONAL FARADAY CENTENARY BANQUET HELD ON SEPTEMBER 24.

Col. Rookes Evelyn Bell Crompton, C.B., was born on May 31, 1845; but he is still keenly at work on electrical enterprises and interested in the Women's Electrical Association. The complete electric-lighting installation in the Law Courts was his chief responsibility in 1882. He built a motor-car over seventy years ago!



MR. DON MOYLE.

Left Tokio on September 8 in an attempt to fly the Pacific, and was missing for over a week. Landed on an uninhabited Aleutian island, and is now on the way to Seattle, where his fiancée awaits him.



MR. CECIL ALLEN.

With Don Moyle, attempted to win £5000 prize for a trans-Pacific flight from Tokio to Seattle. Both men landed on an uninhabited Aleutian island, and are now proceeding to Seattle by boat.



GENERAL SMUTS, PRESIDENT OF THE CENTENARY MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, AT LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, IN WHICH HE SPOKE TWICE.

This group, taken outside Liverpool Cathedral, includes General Smuts (middle of front row) and the Bishop of Liverpool (right). Behind them are the Bishop of Birmingham, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and Sir Oliver Lodge. The General, who is President of the Centenary Meeting of the British Association, spoke twice in the Cathedral.



SIR JOHN AMBROSE FLEMING.

Added his tribute to the memory of Michael Faraday by placing a wreath on his tomb. Inventor of the Thermionic valve, which revolutionised wireless telegraphy.



SIR WILLIAM SIMPSON, C.M.G.

Director of Tropical Hygiene at the Ross Institute. Died of pneumonia, on September 21, at the age of seventy-six. One of the world's leading authorities on tropical hygiene and disease.



SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S.

Maker of telescopes. Died, on September 16, at the age of eighty-seven. Telescopes of his making are to be found in many parts of the world; notably at Greenwich, Vienna, and Johannesburg. Improved the mounting of the telescope at the Lick Observatory.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD OPENING THE FIRST FLYING MEETING FOR WOMEN ONLY: HER GRACE RECEIVING A BOUQUET AT THE NORTHANTS AERO CLUB. On September 19, the Duchess of Bedford opened a flying meeting which was held at Sywell under the auspices of the Northants Aero Club. Lady Bailey (right), the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce (third from left) and others gave demonstrations. The Duchess herself flew to the meeting in her Puss Moth.



MISS JOAN B. PROCTER, D.Sc., F.L.S., F.Z.S.

Died, September 20; born, 1897. A brilliant zoologist. Curator of reptiles and amphibia at the Zoological Gardens. Planned every detail of the new Reptile House. Suffered much from ill-health; but, in spite of that, did wonderful work for the Zoological Society.

THE MAGIC CLUE OF A ROYAL SIGNET-RING.

CRETAN TRADITIONS COME TRUE.
AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF A TEMPLE-TOMB OF THE HOUSE OF MINOS.

By SIR ARTHUR EVANS, D.Litt., F.R.S., F.S.A. Discoverer of the Minoan Palace at Knossos, Author of "The Palace of Minos."
(See Illustrations on pages 486 to 489.)

THROUGHOUT the whole story of discovery that has shown Crete to have been the scene of a civilisation far anterior to the Greek, nothing has been more striking than the confirmation thus brought to light of the early traditions preserved by the Sicilian historian, Diodorus. We know that one of his authorities was the Cretan prophet, Epimenides of Knossos, also spoken of as a "divine" (*theologos*), in the same sense as the writer of Revelations who may truly be said to have had one foot in an older world. Epimenides had composed a long epic on "Minos and Rhadamanthos," and, though writing in Greek at the end of the seventh century B.C., may well have been acquainted with sagas in the older tongue—still spoken in a large part of Crete to a much later date.

The statement that the Phœnicians had not invented letters, but had only adapted an existing (Cretan) system, had never received serious consideration till over a thousand clay documents in an advanced linear script came to light in the palace archives at Knossos. What more signal confirmation, again, could be imagined of the claims put forward for the religious indebtedness of Greece in her most holy places to Minoan Crete than the emergence from beneath the inner sanctuary of the Delphian Apollo of a

Aphrodite. This last detail is of singular importance, as it takes us back to the prehistoric stratum of Cretan religion in which Minos stood in direct relation, not, as later, to Zeus, but to the great Mother Goddess.

The whole course of the excavations at Knossos has emphasised the fact that the "House of Minos"

and, in the course of the early explorations, I had myself been inspired by the hope of finding such a "temple-tomb." But the only tomb discovered which had a claim to be called "royal"—that brought out at Isopata, at some distance from the palace on a height overlooking the harbour-town—though of considerable architectural interest, was still simply a burial-vault. It was of a corbelled type, representing a development of an earlier indigenous form, and may have been that traditionally connected with the warrior-prince Idomeneus, who was said to have led eighty ships—the largest contingent—to the siege of Troy.

The work on the palace site itself, however, being concluded, I decided to have one more try for a tomb of the priest-kings in the area more immediately surrounding it. Happily, there was a clue ready to hand. A few years since, a small boy working in his father's vineyard (Fig. 1)—lying in a hollow between two rocky promontories of the hillside immediately south of the palace, at about a kilometre's distance—had picked up a massive gold signet-ring (Fig. 2), the exceptional importance of which was at once apparent. Though the ring itself has since been spirited away by irresponsible hands, and according to one account actually lost, it had been possible for me to obtain an exact replica of it, a full reproduction of which is here given in Fig. 3 on an enlarged scale.

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 1. THE VINEYARD (JUST BEYOND THE EXCAVATIONS) WHERE A BOY FOUND THE ROYAL MINOAN SIGNET-RING WHICH LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE TEMPLE-TOMB: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW SITE EXCAVATED AT KNOSSOS.

This photograph shows the site of the newly-discovered temple-tomb, the basements of which had been cut in the rock at the base of the more northerly of two spurs of the hill. The dark mass on the further border of the site represents a strip of vineyard, where was found the gold signet-ring (illustrated on this page) that led to the whole discovery.

was a sanctuary quite as much as a palace. It was, in fact, the home of a succession of priest-kings. It was natural, then, to suppose that the burial-place of these might also conform to the old tradition,

irresponsible hands, and according to one account actually lost, it had been possible for me to obtain an exact replica of it, a full reproduction of which is here given in Fig. 3 on an enlarged scale.



FIG. 2. THE MASSIVE GOLD SIGNET-RING FOUND BY A BOY IN A CRETAN VINEYARD: A "MAGIC CLUE" THAT LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF A ROYAL MINOAN TEMPLE-TOMB. (THE RING HERE SHOWN TWICE THE SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL.)

ritual vessel, the double of which was found in the treasury of the central shrine in the same Minoan palace?

From the same records we learn that the last Minos, pursuing the runaway Dædalus to Sicily, had taken refuge with the native king, Cocalus, the story of whose treachery in pushing him into a bath of boiling-hot water may itself have originated from the bath-like form of common Late Minoan clay coffins. More significant still, however, is the sequel. His Cretan followers, to whom the body of Minos had been handed over as the victim of an accident, buried him, we are told, in a magnificent manner, laying his bones in a concealed tomb beneath the earth and building above it, visible to all, a temple of



FIG. 3. THE SEAL ON THE SIGNET-RING. SHOWN IN FIG. 2: A SCENE REPRESENTING THE GREAT MINOAN GODDESS (ON THE RIGHT) RECEIVING REFRESHMENT ON HER ADVENT TO A ROCK-SET SANCTUARY; AND (BELOW) HER VOYAGE THITHER IN A DRAGON-PROWED BOAT CONTAINING A SHRINE. (HERE ENLARGED BY FOUR DIAMETERS.)

The details of the design are more fully described by Sir Arthur Evans in his article begun on this page and continued overleaf.



FIG. 4. A BRILLIANTLY COLOURED INCENSE-BURNER FOUND, WITH PLAINER ONES, ON THE FLOOR OF THE SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER: A SPECIAL FUNERARY TYPE WITH FOLIATE DESIGNS IN THE LAST PALACE STYLE OF KNOSSOS. (C. 1400 B.C.)

Briefly, it represents the advent of the great Minoan Goddess to a rock-set sanctuary from another lying beyond an arm of sea. She is seated, richly robed, receiving refreshment contained in a flask held out to her by a male attendant, which he seems to have filled with the juice of a sacred tree, while a small handmaiden descends towards her from the sky. The actual passage of the Goddess, in a monster-headed boat containing her small shrine, over the conventionally rendered waves must be taken as a separate scene. By the shrine that seems to have been her starting-point sits another female figure, wholly nude, who pulls down towards the Goddess, with a gesture of obeisance, a branch of another sacred tree. The abnormal weight of the ring and the microscopic character of the engraving recall the signet-ring found in the great beehive tomb of "Nestor's Pylos," and named after him. That this came too from a royal interment, as doubtless also the great signet-ring from Mycenæ, was a natural conclusion. In all three the subjects might be described as chapters of religious history.

As a hunting-ground, this vineyard and bordering olive-grove where the ring was found was peculiarly favourable, since the detritus at the foot of the steep on either side might, as in similar cases, conceal the entrance of rock tombs. Trenching round, we hit on a series of small graves of this kind, much disturbed, but containing remains of painted clay vessels and jewellery of better style than might have been expected from the size of the vaults. In one of these was a great variety of bead types of different shapes and materials, including, together with many glass imitations of a globular class of amethyst beads

characteristic of the Egyptian Middle Kingdom, a whole series of elegant gold forms (Fig. 5). One of these represents a couchant calf, another a Nilotic papyrus spray. The discovery of such a collection amongst the fragments left by plunderers of a small and inconspicuous interment throws a fresh light on the comparative well-being reached by even the smaller burghers of "broad Knossos" in the

great days of Minoan culture. But a much more important discovery awaited us. The owner of the vineyard pointed out a spot, about thirty paces north of the finding-place of the signet, where, in the course of tillage, he had struck some large blocks of masonry, and here, on digging down, we found ourselves in a square chamber with massive walls descending further and further below the surface of the slope. The lower part of this, when excavated after weeks of labour, proved to be a pillar crypt with sacred double axes finely incised on each of its blocks. The piers of this had supported colossal beams, the sockets of which, as well as of the cross-beams above, were so well preserved as to make possible their restoration in ferro-concrete (Fig. 6). The two pillars (Fig. 12), according to the usual practice, had, in the chamber above, supported two corresponding columns, and, at a level answering to its original floor, remains appeared of a limestone cult object, well known as "horns of consecration" (Figs. 6 and 13), and examples of which, indeed, are to be seen on the shrine and altar of the goddess on the signet-ring (Fig. 3).

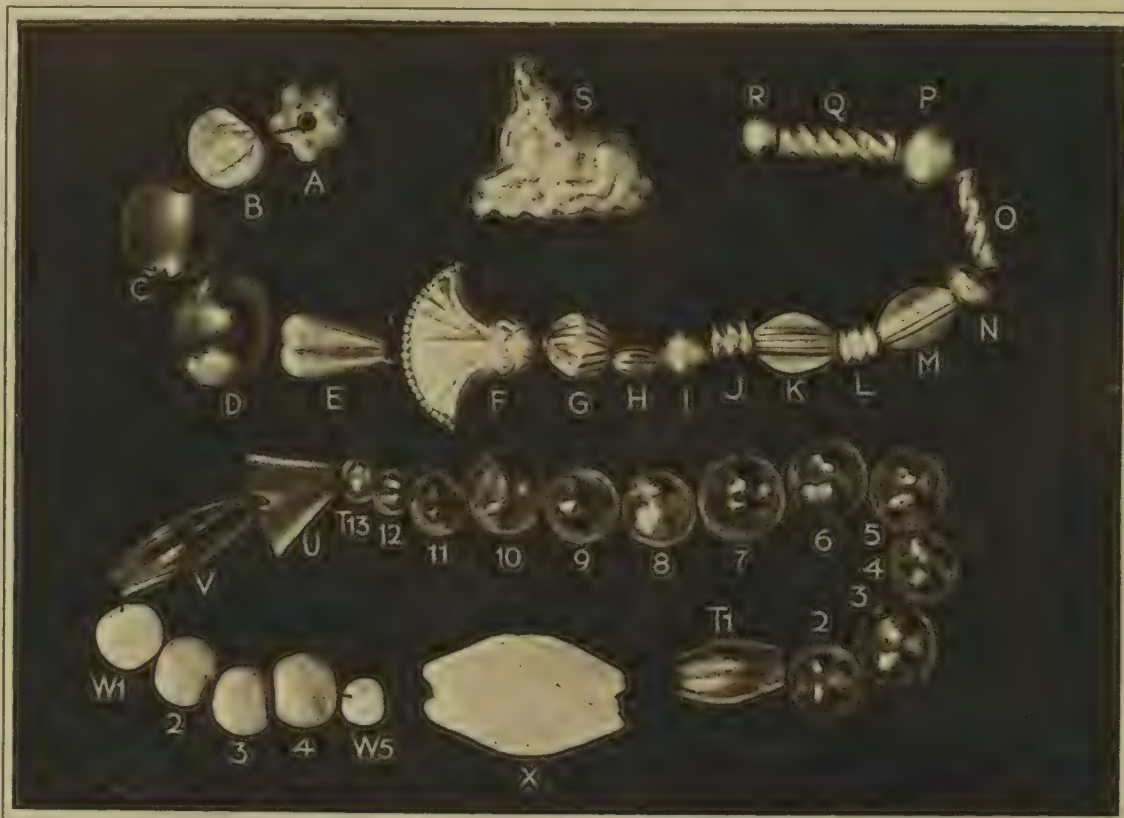


FIG. 5. A GOLDEN CALF (TOP CENTRE) AND OTHER JEWELLERY FROM A SMALL CHAMBER TOMB: (A, B) PALE GREEN PASTE; (C, D, U) RED CORNELIAN; (E TO S) GOLD; (T1 TO T13) AMETHYST, EGYPTIAN MIDDLE KINGDOM TYPE; (W1 TO 5 AND X) WHITE PASTE.



FIG. 6. THE FLOOR OF THE UPPER SANCTUARY OF THE TOMB, WITH THE "HORNS OF CONSECRATION": A VIEW FROM ABOVE (FROM N.W.) SHOWING CONCRETE BEAMS (REPLACING THOSE OF CYPRESS); A CRYPT PILLAR (BELOW THEM), AND (LEFT BACKGROUND) THE PAVILION FOR FUNERAL FEASTS.

Here then, above ground, had stood a small bi-columnar temple, clearly visible from the southern terrace of the palace on the hill opposite. Except the lower part of its west wall, where it backed the rocky steep, little of this was actually preserved, and all that can be learnt of its inner decoration was supplied by a small fragment or so of red-faced stucco.

But this upper structure proved to be the outstanding feature of a much larger sanctuary building, set in a long cutting running into the soft rock of the slope (Fig. 13). This was approached by a low entrance passage (Figs. 9 and 10) giving on a two-columned pavilion (Figs. 6 and 14), designed, it may be supposed, for memorial feasts. It faced a small, massively paved area, adapted for the funeral sports, and with roof terraces on either side for the spectators. From this a door (Fig. 9), between two pylons carved with trident signs, gave access to the basement system, consisting of a hall with a staircase that led to the roof terrace, and beyond it the pillar crypt above mentioned, the excavation of which revealed a feature of yet more thrilling interest. In its western, or inner, side, an opening appeared in the masonry of a passage running into the cut face of the cliff. Finally, there was disclosed the doorway of a chamber excavated in the rock, the roof of which—in spite of a central pillar (Fig. 11) that had originally supported massive cross-beams—was in too dangerous a state to allow of its being cleared from below. It was necessary to resort to the laborious process of sinking a large shaft from above, some 20 ft. down through the overlying limestone.

(Continued opposite.)

That it was indeed a sepulchral vault was sufficiently shown by a small burial-pit in the right-hand corner, in and about which were the relics (Figs. 7 and 11) of a later interment of a prince found worthy of a prolonged posthumous cult. But the earlier interments—contained, we may believe, in chests against the back wall, and going back, as the ceramic remains indicate, to the beginning of the sixteenth century B.C.—had been removed, apparently at the time of a great seismic catastrophe to which the ruin of the upper shrine seems to have been due. The chamber itself was of imposing effect (Fig. 11), its walls lined with gypsum slabs and pilasters, and the central pillar of the same material glistening white in its original state. To add to the effect, the rock ceiling—squares of which were visible between the beams—had been tinted with the brilliant Egyptian blue, or *kyanos*, so that the dead beneath the vault might not be without the illusion of the sky above. Remains of the cypress beams also showed traces of having been covered with painted decoration. A still more vivid touch for the benefit of the departed was supplied by an incense-vessel, of the date of the latest interment, adorned with foliage and alternating bands in partly unfixed colours on the terra-cotta ground—blue, yellow, and

was also found. (See plan and section by M. Piet de Jong, Fig. 8.)

The earthquake that ruined the upper sanctuary seems to correspond with one that caused much damage to the palace towards the close of the first Late Minoan period, about 1520 B.C. Rearrangements were then made, by which compartments of the two-pillared crypt were walled off for private interments. These, however, cease at the time when the available space was practically exhausted, about the end of the concluding Late Minoan phase. The approach to the sepulchral chamber itself was still left open for cult purposes, and, about the date of the final overthrow of the palace, it was reopened for the burial in a corner pit of one who may well have been the latest scion of the House of Minos. At a still later date, approaching the close of the Minoan Age, this grave too was rifled, and objects in precious metals carried off, though, as will be seen from Fig. 7, a series of interesting relics were left to posterity, including a fine alabaster vessel and a globular flask in the late "palace style." If a skull and additional bones, found immediately outside the entrance passage, belong, as seems almost certain, to this grave, the personage here interred was an elderly man—although of athletic training—who combined,



FIG. 7. RELICS OF A LATER BURIAL FROM A CORNER PIT OF THE SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER (FIG. 11): (RIGHT) A CYLINDRICAL ALABASTER VESSEL, WITH LID OF ANOTHER AND SQUARE-PROFLED ALABASTER BOWL OF EGYPTIAN EIGHTEENTH-DYNASTY TYPE; (TOP CENTRE) A GLOBULAR FLASK IN LATE PALACE STYLE; (TOP LEFT) A PLAIN INCENSE-BURNER.

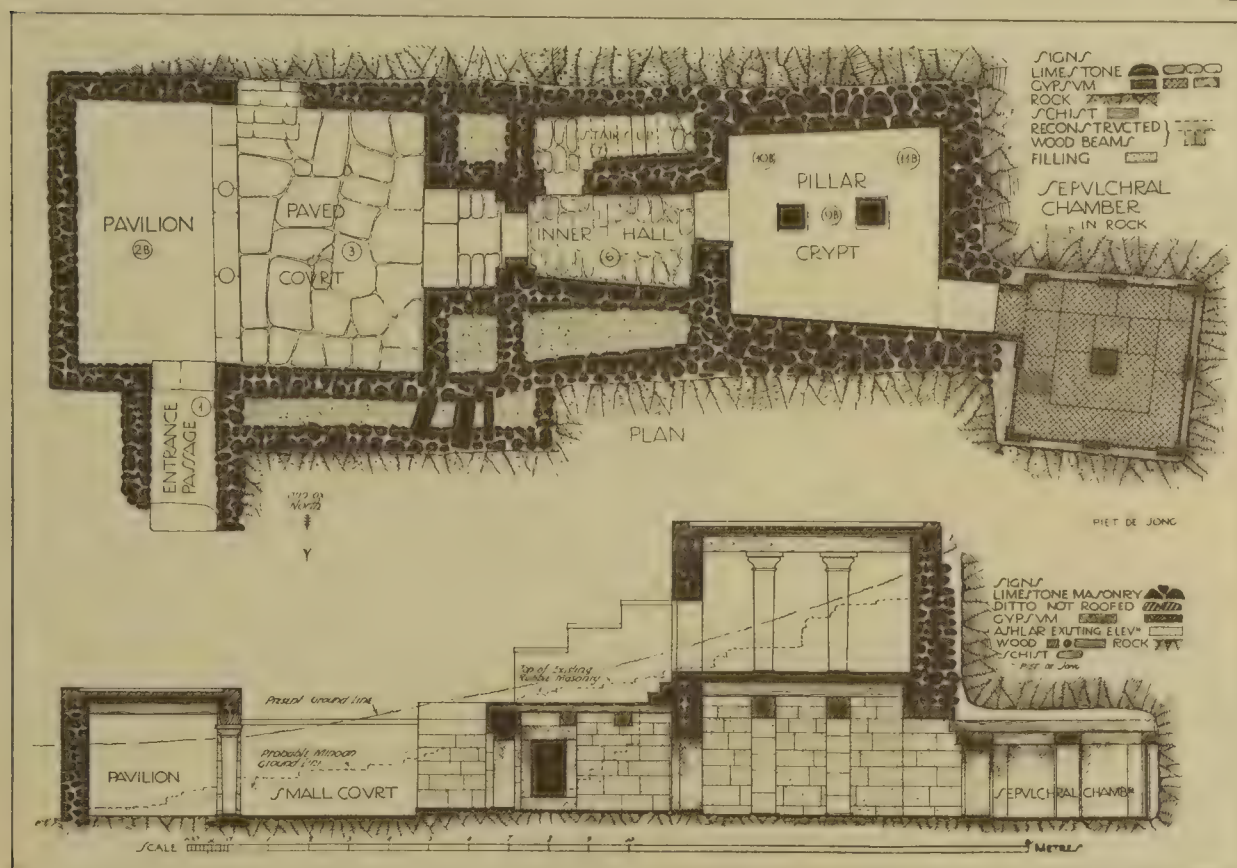


FIG. 8. THE BASEMENT PLAN (ABOVE) AND SECTIONAL PLAN (BELOW) OF THE GREAT TEMPLE-TOMB RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR THE PALACE OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE PAVILION, COURTYARD, INNER HALL, PILLAR-CRYPT (ORIGINALLY SURMOUNTED, AS SHOWN IN THE SECTION, BY AN UPPER COLUMNAR SANCTUARY) AND SEPULCHRAL CHAMBER.—[Drawing by Piet de Jong.]

vermillion red (Fig. 4). It was a funereal object, never meant for use.

An interesting point about the sepulchral chamber is that the pillar in the centre of a square sunken area of the pavement answers to the regular construction of a series of pillar-crypts used for religious rites. It had been a scene of worship as well as of burial, accessible from the larger temple-crypt beyond—a circumstance that made easy the rifling of its precious contents at two different epochs of confusion.

For the successive phases in the history of the building, the ceramic evidence afforded clear definitions. In the original state it was a "temple-tomb," vindicating ancient traditions. Its arrangement, indeed, shows a very perfect combination of that dual conception. The bi-columnar shrine above was approached by an upper entrance leading from a roof terrace. A lower entrance led to the pavilion well and entrance-hall, already described, and thence, through the pillar-crypt, to the sepulchral chamber itself. So well preserved were the details that the system by which the different compartments were secured could be followed out. A bronze locking-pin—the key of a primitive lock—

as was fitting, proto-Armenoid and Mediterranean ancestral features.*

His importance is reflected in the fact that, from this time onwards till the end of the ensuing Minoan phase, a special cult was instituted, of which the evidence has been left in a series of *kraters*, bowls, and stemmed goblets of a votive character, some by the grave itself, some by the upper entrance of the building. With the coming of the new race, local tradition breaks off. Rediscovery after the lapse of over three millennia awaited the magic clue afforded by the royal signet. Once more the old Cretan tradition has come true, and the sepulchral monument of the priest-kings of the House of Minos proves to be a temple as well as a tomb.

* These osteological conclusions are due to the kindness of Dr. L. H. Dudley Buxton.



FIG. 9. THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY LEADING FROM THE SMALL PAVED COURT TO THE BASEMENT CHAMBERS OF THE SANCTUARY: THE BLOCKS OF THE TWO PYLONS FINELY INCISED WITH TRIDENT SIGNS (THOSE OF THE UPPER COURSES HAD FALLEN AND HAVE BEEN REPLACED).

THE FIRST TOMB OF A MINOAN OF A ROYAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF SIR ARTHUR EVANS.



FIG. 10. THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE TEMPLE-TOMB FOUND AT KNOSSOS: A VIEW THROUGH THE PILLAR-CRYPT DOOR (FOREGROUND) LOOKING BACK TO THE OUTER DOOR AND THE PAVILION BEYOND—SHOWING HOLES IN THE DOOR-JAMBS FOR LOCKS AND BARS.



FIG. 11. THE INNERMOST TOMB DISCOVERED NEAR KNOSSOS: THE SEPULCHRAL PILLAR, WITH POTTERY (SEEN ALSO IN FIG. 7, INTERMENT FOUND IN A LATER CORNER OF THE CHAMBER—LAST SCENE OF THE FILM).

KING EVER FOUND—BY THE CLUE SIGNET RING.

(SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGES 485 TO 487.)



FIG. 12. THE EASTERN PILLAR IN THE PILLAR-CRYPT, AND PART OF THE WESTERN PILLAR (ITS EDGE SHOWN ON THE EXTREME LEFT): A VIEW IN THE CRYPT, SHOWING ALSO ONE OF THE COLOSSAL BEAMS AS RESTORED, AND DOORWAY TO THE HALL BEYOND.

Continued.

the departed the illusion of the sky. The original burial had been in a chest, probably on the back border. In the right corner was a pit that had contained a later interment, apparently of a last scion of the House of Minos. Fine alabaster vessels and other relics were found here, in spite of previous rifling. The pottery of the interment was of the latest 'palace style,' but other vessels were found connected with a prolonged funeral cult. The sunk square in the pavement and the central pillar show that the death chamber itself was also regarded as a shrine. To open out the chamber it was found necessary to

(Continued on left below.)



FIG. 13. THE TEMPLE-TOMB AT KNOSSOS: A GENERAL VIEW FROM NORTH-EAST, SHOWING (LEFT FOREGROUND) PART OF THE ROOF-TERRACE OF THE PAVILION (FIG. 14), THE COURT FOR FUNERAL SPORTS, THE ENTRANCE TO BASEMENT CHAMBERS, AND (TOP BACKGROUND) STEPS TO THE UPPER COLUMNAR SANCTUARY WITH THE "HORNS OF CONSECRATION."

CHINESE OF THE TEMPLE-TOMB OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS (SEEN ALSO IN FIG. 7, INTERMENT FOUND IN A LATER CORNER OF THE CHAMBER—LAST SCENE OF THE FILM).

where funeral sports would have been held, is seen in front of the pavilion. Beyond this is the entrance to the basement part of the building, between two pylons, the fallen upper blocks of which have been replaced. A hall with a staircase to left led to the pillar crypt, and thence to the opening of the sepulchral chamber cut in the rock. The staircase gave access from below to a roof terrace and green schist slabs, from which the upper columnar sanctuary was approached by three steps (replaced). Part of the restored beams of this are visible in the photograph, and the 'horns of consecration' are shown set on the floor."



FIG. 14. THE ENTRANCE END OF THE TEMPLE-TOMB BUILDINGS DISCOVERED BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS AT KNOSSOS (SEE PLAN IN FIG. 6, PAGE 487): THE TWO-COLUMNED PAVILION PROBABLY USED FOR MEMORIAL FEASTS, WITH ITS ROOF-TERRACE FOR WATCHING FUNERAL SPORTS IN THE COURTYARD BELOW; AND (RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE ENTRANCE TO THE BASEMENT CHAMBERS.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"UP FOR THE CUP."

THE new picture from the British and Dominions Studios, "Up for the Cup," is, to my thinking, a more important contribution to the British screen than is immediately apparent. Taken at its surface value, this hilarious history of a Yorkshire mill-hand's visit to London on the occasion of the Cup Final is a jolly, good-tempered, broadly humorous affair, based on a slender story that has neither originality nor subtlety to commend it. It took no fewer than three collaborators to devise it, and it is only fair to assume that these gentlemen, whose comic invention in situation as well as in dialogue is fresh and exhilarating, did not think it necessary to bother about the skeleton beneath their gay decorations. Personally, I found myself wishing they had not been content with such old bones. It should have been possible to find a plot with just that touch of whimsicality about it that would have brought it into line with the clever exaggeration of possible happenings whence the exuberant fun emerges. Nor is it altogether easy to believe in Mr. Sydney Howard, who brings his particular brand of slow, simple, cushiony humour from the music hall to the screen with complete success, as the bashful lover of a pretty little mill-girl, and still less as the inventor of a labour-saving loom which restores the fortunes of a distressed mill-owner and ensures a golden future for our hero. However, if we accept the astounding fact that Mr. Howard's stolid John Willie, with his wholly unfounded belief in his own astuteness and his irresistible air of surprised innocence, could ever have invented anything or figured in the love-dreams of youth, the rest of the picture is a sheer delight. It is, moreover, the sort of picture we want, British to the backbone and racy of the soil. It echoes to the clatter of clogs on grey Yorkshire paving-stones, to the shrill voice of the hooter calling the hands to their work and dismissing them with a blast as melodious as the voice of a siren—to the ears of the weary workers.

It is shot through with the quick wit of the Cockney, and it thrills to the excitement of a sport-loving nation. John Willie's escapades in London, where he falls a pathetically facile victim to tricksters and pickpockets, successively

to the finely-handled crescendo of crowd-excitement in the Stadium, his work is full of interest. There is a choir-practice that is a gem of facial study; the background of mechanical noise and active machinery within the mill is woven into the action with an art that disguises art;

of an unspoiled people, laughing, singing, breasting the translucent waves or pelting each other with hibiscus blossoms in the golden sunshine that finds an answering glint in bronzed limbs and sparkling eyes. And I am glad of it, for within the frame of his screen Murnau has caught a loveliness and unfolded a tender legend of love and tragedy to a swelling chorus of song and an under-current of music that is like an oasis amongst the rocks of strident emotions, gangster brutalities, and unabashed sophistication which imperil the path of the talking film.

"Tabu" opens with the spearing of fish in the shallow waters off Bora-Bora. Anon, the arrival of a schooner from Papeete is the signal for an exhilarating dash of outrigger canoes escorting the more elaborate craft of the chief, with its double row of oarsmen—a craft that rides the sea like a Roman galley. Scrambling, laughing, perched in the rigging, the islanders receive momentous news from the old priest, a figure carved in granite. Reri, beloved of Matahi, is chosen by the gods and is henceforth "tabu." Festivities mark the departure of the "chosen one," but desolation dwells in the hearts of the lovers. During the night, Matahi steals the girl from the ship. Their brief respite and Matahi's prowess as a pearl-fisher in a distant island ends in their discovery by the priest, who comes, inexorable as death itself, to claim the girl. She is "tabu," and the boy's last endeavour to defy the gods is defeated in the wake of the sailing-boat bearing Reri to her fate.

A sad little story, if you will, yet fraught with such glamour of sound and sight that its aftermath is not unhappiness.

Remote as a fairy-tale, the romance of these island lovers, perfectly realised as it is by a purely native company, has a magic of sheer plastic beauty that could not be expressed in other medium than that of the kinema. It has come as a timely reminder of a form of kinematic art which must not and cannot be permitted to die.



"UP FOR THE CUP," A NEW BRITISH FILM: JOHN WILLIE ENTHWISTLE FROM YORKSHIRE (MR. SYDNEY HOWARD) TRIES TO GET INTO THE STADIUM BY DONNING THE HELMET AND OILSKINS OF A POLICEMAN ENGAGED IN CONSTABULARY DUTIES (LEFT BACKGROUND).

Having had his tickets for the Cup Final stolen, John Willie pinches a policeman's oilskins and helmet, which has been knocked off by roughs who set upon the constable, and, thus disguised tries to enter the Stadium at Wembley. Unluckily for him, another policeman observes him, and he is marched off to the "station." This is a scene in "Up for the Cup," a new production of a humorous character, by the British and Dominions Film Corporation, Ltd., which is discussed in an article on this page.

the leader of the community singing before the match is silhouetted against the sky with a memorable effect of power; the vast arena of the Stadium, bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard except for the diminutive, solitary figure of the luckless John Willie, is a complete epitaph on the Man Who Arrived Too Late! Behind all the laughter and the holiday humour of "Up for the Cup," the broad canvas of a slice of English life is full of light and shade—irreproachable lighting, by the way, is an invaluable asset to this picture—of movement and of masterly composition.

There is *terra incognita* waiting for the British filmmaker with an eye for a picturesque setting or an English industry and an ear for the characteristic humour of its people all over England, round about the coast (the fishermen in the "down-under" of St. Ives could furnish a drama of their own), in the Midlands, in the Lake District. Yet our "movie fans" are more familiar with the ranches and the long-legged cowboys of the American Wild West, the night-clubs and the crooks of a Hollywoodian world, or even the big game of Africa, than with our own folk, our own foibles, our fun and our work. "Up for the Cup" is a step in the right direction, and in Mr. Jack Raymond we have the director with a finger on England's pulse.

"TABU."

All the pictorial power of the silent film, its simple drama, its splendours of line and action, come back in full force with "Tabu" (Plaza), the picture for which we have been waiting for some time and which, now that it has come, may well prove the turning of the tide in kinematic entertainment. I cannot believe that after seeing "Tabu" the public will allow the silent picture to be sent once more into limbo.

It is the last work of the great German director Mr. F. W. Murnau, whose untimely death in a motor accident in March of this year robbed the screen of a true artist. He wrote the story in conjunction with Mr. R. J. Flaherty, whose "Nanook of the North" and "Moana" stamped him as a man eminently fitted for the task of tracing a romance compounded of primitive joys and sorrow. It is said that this tale of a pearl-diver and the girl he loved, torn from his arms by the ancient laws of their gods, was founded on fragments of Polynesian folk-lore. It may well be so. It is, furthermore, very probable that the island of Bora-Bora, where the film was made, is no longer in reality the Arcady of flower-crowned maidens and god-like youths disporting themselves in crystalline cascades and limpid pools, innocent of all worldly knowledge, the value of money, the superior respectability of petticoats and shirts. Murnau's Polynesia lives up to our dreams



JOHN WILLIE (MR. SYDNEY HOWARD—LEFT) FINDS HIMSELF LANDED WITH A "DUD" CLOCK IN A LONDON AUCTION ROOM: A SCENE FROM THE FILM "UP FOR THE CUP."

John Willie falls an easy prey to various sharpers before he reaches Wembley to see the Cup Final. Discovering that he has been persuaded by an auctioneer to bid for a "dud" clock, he demands his money back, but is referred to the manager with negative results.



THE HEROINE OF "UP FOR THE CUP": JOHN WILLIE'S SWEETHEART, MARY MURGATROYD (MISS JOAN WYNDHAM), IN THE YORKSHIRE MILL WHERE BOTH ARE EMPLOYED.

losing his money, his Wembley tickets, and his girl, resolve themselves into many—all equally abortive—attempts to enter that paradise of every true Yorkshireman, the Stadium, during the Final for the Cup. In his several efforts, absurd though they are, to cross the magic threshold, we catch a reflection of familiar street-scenes—the street entertainer of the pit queue, the swift ministrations of the ambulance men, the weatherproofed dignity of the police—and it is in this admirable use of the familiar, caught in the pleasantly-distorting mirror of extravaganza, that the film reaches high-water mark.

Mr. Jack Raymond, who directed "Up for the Cup," has before now proved his capacity for keeping his colours free from all foreign alloy. He is wholly and wholeheartedly concerned with the British public, and he understands the mentality of the masses. Forthright and solid, his production has no experimental surprises to spring on us; nor does he allow the unusual in camera-work or angles to obtrude itself. His bill of fare is English, but English of the best, and therefore by no means stodgy. From the suggestion of grey dawn in the opening scene of the knocker-up on his rounds in the sleeping mill-town,

A REAL FILM OF THE SOUTH SEAS WITH NATIVE PLAYERS: "TABU."



A FINE FIGURE OF MANHOOD AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS: MATAHI, THE HERO OF "TABU," ABOUT TO CAST HIS SPEAR AT A FISH.



A YOUNG ISLANDER WITH A LITTLE PET PIG—A BREED MUCH IN EVIDENCE AMONG THE NATIVES: A CHARMING STUDY OF SOUTH SEA CHILDHOOD.



A "GREEK GOD" TYPE IN LIVING BRONZE ON A TROPIC ISLAND OF THE SOUTH SEAS: MATAHI WITH THE FISH FALLEN TO HIS SPEAR.



MUSIC IN THE SOUTH SEAS: A NATIVE ORCHESTRA, WITH THEIR DRUM AND TOM-TOMS, PLAYING FOR THE DANCERS ON THE ISLAND OF BORA-BORA—A SCENE IN "TABU."



DANCING IN THE SOUTH SEAS: A PICTURESQUE "CORPS DE BALLET" OF NATIVE PERFORMERS, WITH THEIR GRASS SKIRTS AND CHAPLETS OF FLOWERS CROWNING DUSKY HAIR—A SCENE IN "TABU," A FILM WITH PRACTICALLY AN ALL-NATIVE CAST.



THE OLD PRIEST, HITU, REALIZING THE "TABU" ORDINANCE THAT WILL SEPARATE RERI (RIGHT, WITH HAIR-ORNAMENT) FROM HER LOVER, MATAHI: A DRAMATIC MOMENT.



A TYPE OF NATIVE BEAUTY IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS: RERI (HER ACTUAL NAME), THE CHARMING HEROINE OF A ROMANTIC LOVE-STORY IN "TABU."



FESTAL ATTIRE FOR A SOUTH SEA ISLAND DANCE: RERI (LEFT) AND MATAHI, THE "STAR-CROSSED LOVERS" OF BORA-BORA.

The new Paramount film, "Tabu" (fully described in an appreciative article on the opposite page), gives a wonderful picture of life among the Polynesian natives of a tropical island in the South Seas. The islanders themselves provided the whole cast, except for a few scenes where some of the characters come in contact for a time with European settlements on a neighbouring island. The native players are remarkable both for their fine physique and their dramatic sense; while the setting, in an island paradise, is one of incomparable beauty. As

noted in our article, "Tabu" revives the glories of the silent film, and was produced by the late Mr. F. W. Murnau, the famous German director. He spent three months in the Society Islands, searching for suitable players and localities. The plot, said to be based on Polynesian legend, is a romantic love-story with a note of tragedy, which enters into it when Hitu, a priest, announces that Reri, the heroine, has been chosen as Sacred Virgin of the Tribes, and is "tabu"—untouchable. Her lover, Matahi, attempts to defy the gods.

TRANSATLANTIC CONVERSATIONS: PROHIBITION AND DEMOCRACY.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

"It is indeed strange! America is a free and democratic country. . . . The people are sovereign here. . . . And the people want to drink. If the 'wets' are not in the majority, they are an imposing minority.

so-called democracy, despite our pretended liberty, the majority must bow its neck. We are forced to hide ourselves in this sort of catacomb if we want to drink a bottle of wine. What is that but despotism? How can you say that a country like that is free? The subjects of the Tsar and the Roman Emperors never knew a despotism equal to that."

"You think of solving the problem by suppressing it. You say that there is no liberty in the United States, therefore it is difficult to say why Prohibition was possible.

I reverse your reasoning; the United States is a country which enjoys great liberty; how can you explain that strange anomaly which is called Prohibition? Universal suffrage. . . ?"

"In America, as elsewhere, that is the triumph of stupidity," my interlocutor violently interrupted me. "The public here, as everywhere else, is a sort of enormous pachyderm, lazy and stupid. Its will consists in that which the newspapers and the political parties make it believe. By means of a great deal of money and a few lies, it is made to say and do everything that they wish. What an ignoble comedy!"

"Force can put universal suffrage into chains and do violence to its will; that is certain. There are numerous examples. Then it is only the miserable slave of a

despotic power. But where it is free—"

"It is nowhere free. The States which officially put it in chains are still the most sincere. Where it is left a pretended liberty, there is organised lying by the newspapers, and money distributed by the parties which tie it up. It is much more dangerous. . . ."

"That is the point on which I think you deceive yourself. When there are many parties and many newspapers which struggle together in equal conditions, under a régime of political liberty, then universal suffrage can choose. . . ."

"And it always decides in favour of the most absurd idea and for the most despicable men."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"If I am sure of it? But it is obvious," replied my interlocutor, as if he were a little surprised at my doubts.

"In what world do you live?" I replied in my turn without hesitation.

"You have eyes and you do not see? I shall be tempted to apply the celebrated words of the Evangelist to you, and to all who think like you. They are numerous in Europe also. But look around you; how is it that you do not see the resistance which for the last ten years universal suffrage, in those things in which it is free, opposes to all extreme ideas? Western civilisation is divided on its summits by a violent opposition of extreme ideas, which, in their turn, seek to support themselves on interests, while minds irreconcilably divided by thesis and antithesis struggle among themselves. . . ."

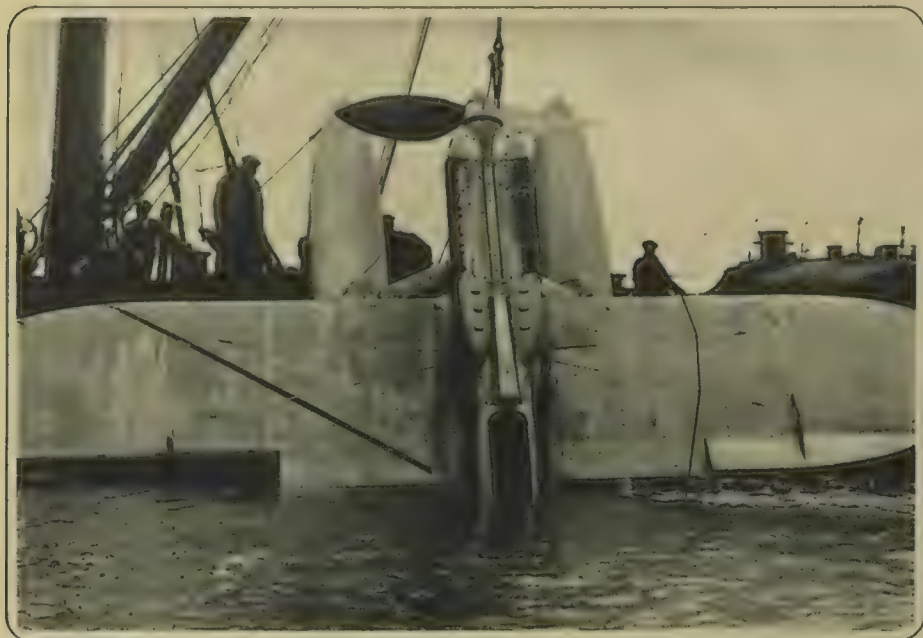
"What force can still prevent these doctrines and these interests from throwing themselves upon one another so as to light up an immense civil war, which will destroy everything? You reply—the populace; universal suffrage, which is one of the great stabilisers of our world which has lost its axis, and forms the ballast of the boat driven hither and thither by the hurricane. The millions of men and women, which no breath of folly succeeds in disturbing. . . ."

The history of the last ten years furnishes me with abundant proof. Could my adversary argue thus after 1919, when, in all countries of Europe or America, the general elections were made in complete freedom, yet they did not give the victory to an extreme party of the right or the left? Did not the Swiss people in 1922 reject a law proposed by the Socialists, which would have confiscated part of the revenues of the rich to give them to the "populace"? Did not the German populace refuse to admit, a few years ago, the confiscation without indemnity of the princely and royal houses which might have prepared the way to more productive confiscations? If the conversation had taken place in September instead of in May, I could also have taken into account the Prussian plebiscite of August 9. Despite the giddy disorganisation of public spirit in Germany, despite the alliance of the two extreme parties, they did not succeed in carrying with them the majority of the Prussian electorate in an adventure at the bottom of which lay a *Coup-d'état* or a Revolution.

My interlocutor listened to me with attention. At last, after having thought a moment, he said: "And Prohibition, is not that an extreme idea? There is an alcoholic problem; I am the first to admit it. One cannot allow a people, and, above all, a people like ours, to drink as much as it likes. But to solve the problem by suppressing it, and threatening us with imprisonment for every glass of wine or liqueur-glass of cognac that we may dare to drink, that is indeed an extreme idea. It could only occur to these moral Bolsheviks whom we call Puritans. The people accepted it without believing it. You see, one can even force universal suffrage to swallow an extreme idea."

"You are right. Prohibition is the most extreme idea that they were able to force universal suffrage to approve!"

[Continued on page 500.]



A FAMOUS BRITISH SPEED-RECORD SEAPLANE SALVED AFTER SINKING: FLIGHT-LIEUT. STAINFORTH'S MACHINE, WHICH OVERTURNED NEAR CALSHOT, RAISED FROM THE BOTTOM OF SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

On September 16, a few days after having made a new air-speed record of 388.67 m.p.h. (as noted in our last issue), on the day of the Schneider Trophy contest, in an "S 6 B" seaplane, Flight-Lieut. Stainforth was capsized in the same machine in Southampton Water on alighting from a practice flight. Fortunately, he escaped from the cockpit in time, and was picked up by a boat unhurt. The seaplane, though travelling at about 80 m.p.h. when overturned, was practically undamaged; but while being towed ashore it filled and sank in deep water.

The next day divers secured it with cables, and it was raised by derricks of a Naval salvage-ship.

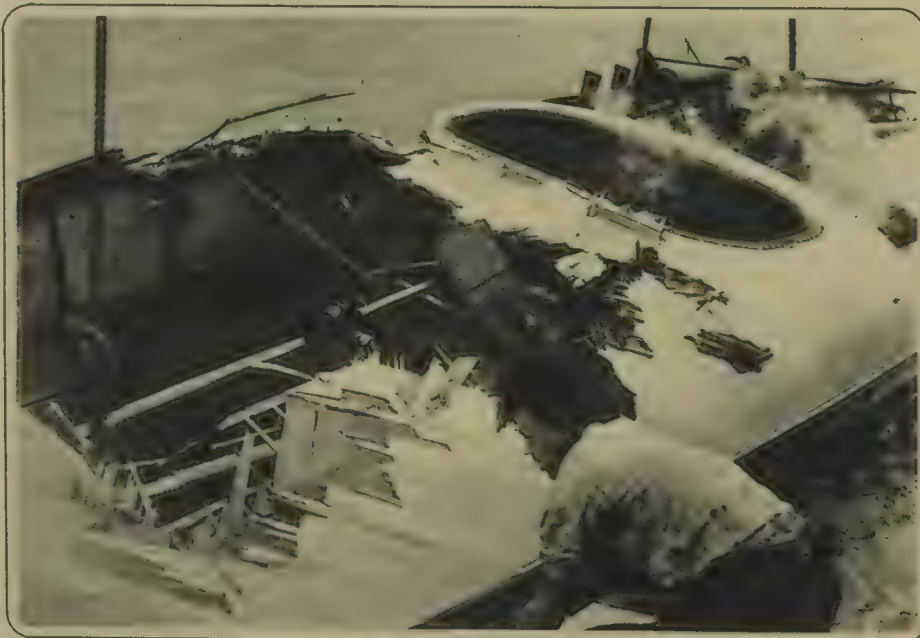
How is it that that imposing minority has not succeeded in getting its right to drink respected, by uniting itself to those who are indifferent? The resolute, ardent, fanatical Prohibitionists can only be a much smaller minority."

I put that question to an American with whom I was dining in a "speak-easy" in New York. This is the name which is given in the United States to certain clandestine restaurants where one can drink wine and alcohol. They say that in New York alone there are 30,000 of these places! The restaurant was crammed with customers, nearly all Americans, who revolted against the eighteenth amendment with a gusto unknown in our modest libations. What I saw when I looked round the saloon in which I was sitting made me understand better than any amount of reasoning the strength of resistance which was flinging itself against the law which forbids drinking. How was it that all these resistances had not succeeded in making themselves felt in a more frank and dignified manner than in this clandestine violation, hidden behind a deceitful façade of a false private house?

But the friend who had asked me to violate the celebrated law in his company was one of those Americans—and they are not rare in the superior classes of the United States—who no longer have any confidence or respect for the political institutions of their country. Without knowing exactly with what they would replace it, they proclaim that American democracy has become bankrupt, and it can only now lead the country to ruin. He replied to me without hesitating: "But the explanation is a very simple one. There is no country in the world which enjoys less liberty than the United States. Our so-called democracy is the despotism of the populace, which is sometimes represented by thieves and sometimes by madmen."

Once more I protested. "I know that song. It has been repeated to me at least twice a day since I came to the United States. But allow me to be frank and even brutal; what you say is not serious. Your régime may have all the faults that you please, but do not talk of despotism. You do not know what that word means. In order to understand it, you ought to live for a few months in certain European countries."

"But you yourself have just said it. Prohibition is the imposition of a fanatical minority; and, despite our



A FAMOUS BRITISH SPEED-BOAT SALVED AFTER SINKING IN AMERICAN WATERS: "MISS ENGLAND II," BADLY DAMAGED, RAISED FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DETROIT RIVER.

As we recorded with illustrations in our last issue, Lord Wakefield's "Miss England II." sank during the second heat of the motor-boat race for the British International Trophy, at Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., on September 7, after having won the first heat easily, at an average speed of 89.913 m.p.h. "Miss England II." it will be recalled, struck an American boat's wash and overturned; but fortunately Mr. Kaye Don and his two mechanics were thrown clear and escaped unhurt. The sunken boat was raised from the bottom of the river on September 9. Her hull was found to be badly damaged, and the motors had suffered from their immersion in the water.



WINTER TRAVEL

versus

DEPRESSION.

With the continued prevalence of depression—*both economic and climatic*—any thought of Winter Travel this year presents a problem. On one hand, costs are an imperative consideration. On the other, full health-value in return for the outlay of time and money must be obtained.

Under such conditions, what are the essential requirements of a Winter Holiday this year? Firstly, an atmosphere of restfulness, with sunshine in plenty as a reviving and invigorating influence; secondly, a total change of environment as a stimulus to fresh endeavour and new optimism. "Radiant Tours," organised by the South African Government Railways and the Shipping Companies, have kept those main objects of Winter Travel in view—a glorious sea voyage and a complete holiday change in the temperate sunshine of South Africa *at reasonable cost*.

Send for "Radiant Tours," the full descriptive programme. Posted free on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2 (Phone: Temple Bar 4488), or the leading Tourist Agencies.



THE *Courier* for June 28, 1806, lies open before me as I write—a small, crowded sheet, but full of information and, in its shorter news-paragraphs, undeniably bright. Thus I read: "Leland the French astronomer has discovered an island in the moon—Bonaparte will, no doubt, appoint one of his relatives



1. "A GLOOMY DAY": A DIGHTON PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1801, REPRESENTING MR. DAY, PROBABLY A STOCKBROKER—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF DIGHTON'S MANY PORTRAITS OF WELL-KNOWN CHARACTERS IN THE CITY AND WEST END.

to the Sovereignty of it." There is also the news of a new type of fraud, devised by a man charged at Limerick—"to wit, selling his wife for ten guineas, and then passing another man's wife on the purchaser instead of his own—*splendide fallax*."

Then comes a longer account headed "British Museum": "A person, heretofore of respectable character and connection, has, within a few days past, been detected in taking, from the portfolios deposited in the above place, rare and curious prints, estimated to be worth at least £1500. . . . The most valuable print recovered is that of 'Burgomaster Six,' supposed to be worth £40, but the Hundred Guilder print [also by Rembrandt] and many others of extreme rarity and value are among those missing." It is a curious episode, and we know very little about it, beyond the fact that the Museum official who was responsible lost his job, and the real culprit escaped. Robert Dighton was the villain of the piece, but his career does not seem to have been affected. The following year we find him invited to Oxford to do portrait-caricatures of dons, and in 1809 he was exercising his very real talent for this sort of work at Cambridge and Bath. It is possible that some day we shall discover a written record of his ingenuity in extricating himself from what seems, on the face of it, a rather serious scrape.

Some early drawings by Dighton were published in colours in this paper on Aug. 22 last—illustrations of cricket and other games which were, for him, very unusual subjects. It is as a portrait-caricaturist that he is remembered—as the artistic grandfather of dozens of *Vanity Fair* cartoons. In this rather limited field he displays an engaging knack of combining a reasonably good likeness with that slight twist which makes one say, not "What a good portrait!" but "There's dear old Jones—the spit and

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

ROBERT DIGHTON.

By FRANK DAVIS.

image of him!" Dighton accomplishes this although (a) he can only work satisfactorily in profile—as a sort of super-silhouettist; (b) he is liable to come perilously near the fashion-plate—that is, something purely static—a figure not only at rest, but immovable.

I could continue explaining at length why Dighton is such an unsatisfactory artist, but even then I should have to confess that his faults and limitations are easily forgotten in his whimsical, if not very profound, insight into character. It is possible, however, to trace very real artistic progress. The "Specious Orator," for example (James Christie), of 1794 is amusing enough, but flat and weak by comparison with the firmness and character of "A View from Magdalen College, Cambridge" (1809). I like to think that this vast improvement in technical accomplishment is due to Dighton's earnest but reprehensible passion for the etchings of Rembrandt.

Of the prints issued previous to the British Museum episode, "A Gloomy Day" (1801) can be taken as typical of many portraits of well-known characters in the City and West End. I believe Mr. Day was a stockbroker, and I am informed that during the last few months similar and equally gloomy apparitions have been observed at Brighton.

Dighton—who was born in 1752—commenced as a perfectly serious artist, and was at the same time in close touch with the stage. He was an actor himself, played under Charles Dibdin,

and his name is to be found in Sadlers Wells playbills of the 1790's. He set up as a drawing-master, and also as what would then be equivalent to a photographer—that is, a miniature-painter—but gradually devoted himself entirely to caricature,



2. A LATER WORK BY ROBERT DIGHTON, SHOWING MORE MATURE STYLE: "A VIEW FROM MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE"—A PORTRAIT-CARICATURE, PUBLISHED IN 1809, OF DR. GRETTON, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN IN 1797.



3. A FAMOUS AUCTIONEER BY A FAMOUS ARTIST: AN EARLY PRINT BY ROBERT DIGHTON—"THE SPECIOUS ORATOR" (1794) A PORTRAIT OF JAMES CHRISTIE.

Prints reproduced by Courtesy of J. Rimell and Sons, 6, Duke Street, S.W.

publishing his own prints from his house at Charing Cross. He died in 1814, and rather more than 100 of his plates are known: as far as I know, the only complete list of them was published by the present director of the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. H. M. Hake, in 1926 in the *Print Collector's Quarterly*.

Robert Dighton had two sons. One, Denis, held a minor Court appointment and became a thoroughly dull battle-painter: the other, Richard, continued in his father's tradition, but in reverse, as it were; for, whereas Robert commenced with serious portraits and ended with caricatures, Richard started his career with caricature and gradually lost the whimsical touch as he grew older. During Robert Dighton's lifetime, Richard issued various plates signed Dighton Jun. or R. Dighton Jun.—mainly of military subjects—and after 1814 he seems to have published his own caricatures. Some time in 1824 he sold his plates to Thomas Mclean, who reissued them with his own imprint added, and also published them as a collection—"City Characters." There was also a long folding plate published in 1825, ten feet in length by six inches wide, which contained forty-five caricatures.

In many cases, of course, we have lost interest in the personalities portrayed—not every City magnate can be remembered after he has left the scene—but people like Nathan Meyer (Baron Rothschild) and Sir Moses Montefiore are of more than ephemeral importance. Richard lived till 1830. His last dated profile is as late as 1857, and probably more than one later example will turn up as the result of this article.

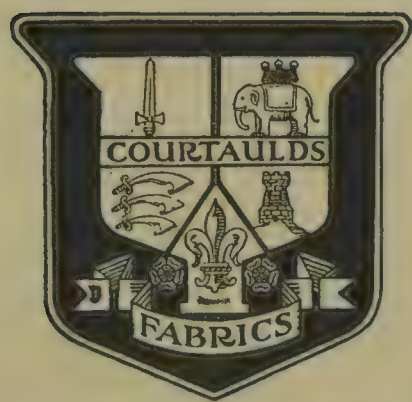
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IF delightful coachwork and excellent comfort can sell motor-cars to the public during the next twelve months, British makers have little to fear for the near future. Prices also are remaining fairly steady, since English motor-manufacturers are adding extras to their models, but not increasing the prices. This is better than reducing them, as such a course hits very hardly the present owner of the make; especially as a manufacturer's reduction of £40 or £50 means a loss of double that value to the second-hand exchange price of the old car. During the past weeks, new models have been announced as quickly as the weather changes. Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, started on Sept. 14 with a show of all the new Humber, Hillman, and Commer car models. These attracted not only Londoners, but visitors from all parts of England and abroad, so that these show-rooms were crowded like a miniature Olympia. Actually the real novelties were the new 1½-ton and 2-ton Commer cars, which have been designed to compete against Morris, Ford, and Chevrolet, both in cost and effectiveness. Business vehicles have to earn their own living, or at least a profit for their owners, so that first cost, maintenance charges, running expenses, and ability to work week after week without need of long overhauls in the garage in place of being on the road, are the most important features of a commercial motor. Judging by their appearance and specification, the new Commer cars should earn the approbation of all who employ them in their business.

Humber and Hillman models have been improved in details, which add much to the comfort of their users. The lines of their coachwork are very attractive, and the colour-schemes should appease the artistic minds of the hypercritical. Cosy comfort under all conditions, with bright parts and highly polished panels, has now become a common feature of cars at low prices. Both Humber and Hillman cars have this luxurious carriage appearance, so that the standard of riding comfort has increased even more than the general standard of living.

The Star Motor Co., Ltd., displayed their 1932 models to their agents and distributors on Wednesday, Sept. 16. Those present were very complimentary to the management with regard to their prospects of selling these handsome six-cylinder cars to the public.

Their equipment in detail fittings embraced, it appeared to me, every conceivable gadget one could think of. Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., of Pall Mall, S.W.1, arranged to show on September 25 the new Lanchester "Fifteen," the latest product in high-class small, medium-powered cars. This should attract many visitors to the show-rooms, as in these days of high taxation motor-carriage owners find it better economy to run such lower-rated models as the new 15-h.p. Lanchester six-cylinder luxury cars than those of double that horse-power rating.

M.G. Magna Six-Cylinder.

Ever since Delage won the Grand Prix race with a twelve-cylinder 1½-litre engine, I have had the deepest respect for "jam-pot" cylinders. That was many years ago; but when I think of the wonderful small-engined sports cars now available to the public to-day, that respect has even increased. The new M.G. Magna 12-70-h.p. small six-cylinder is an example that fascinates the driver who likes something to happen when he jams his foot down on the accelerator. I am referring to the engine which really accelerates at each infinite increase of the throttle opening. With a cylinder capacity of 1250 c.c., and a four-speed gear-box with a 4.89-to-1 top-gear ratio, this car has a turn of speed which is surprising to most folk from so small a motor. The chassis weighs only 9½ cwt., with a wheelbase of 7 ft. 10 in. and a track 3 ft. 6 in. wide, so that it can carry quite comfortable coachwork for speedy touring. The frame, similar to the Montlhéry M.G. Midgets, is arched over the front axle and drops down under the rear one. This gives a low centre of gravity and a sporting appearance. The saloon, measuring 4 ft. 5 in. in height from the ground, costs £289, and its close-coupled coupé coachwork has the doors recessed to give ample elbow-room to the occupants of the front seats. The rear compartment makes an excellent luggage-wagon when on tour, or as an occasional seat for a visitor, or even two at a pinch. The sports open four-seater is listed at £250. This also is intended to provide seating room for an occasional couple in the back seat. It has two carburettors, and excellent brakes to control the speed; so that, with the coupé and its sliding roof open or shut, you can snap your fingers at any hill slowing you down to any great extent, while the car can be pulled up quickly at high speed in an emergency. In this car, speed and safety are well combined.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

ONE should, I think, thank George Stephenson that at the time "A Trip to Scarborough" was written there were no cheap day excursions. Yet in its day Sir John Vanbrugh's "The Relapse" (from which Sheridan "lifted" most of his comedy) must have provided entertainment. First produced in 1697, it was revived eight times before Sheridan "queered its pitch" by stealing it. Even then Sheridan's version was revived seven times. Seeing a production such as this, one realised how much Sir Nigel Playfair has done to popularise our costume drama. Mr. H. K. Aylliff's production was, in the main, ill acted, and lacked much of atmosphere. Mr. Ernest Thesiger was quite at home as Lord Foppington; he gave, indeed, what, in a more worthy production, might have been a big box-office hit. As it is, the piece was withdrawn after the performance on September 19.

"OFF THE MAP," AT THE LITTLE.

Despite the fact that the name of the producer, Cedric Hardwicke, is printed on the programme many times larger than that of the author, Herbert Jones, the staging of this play leaves a lot to be desired. It is much too slow. Not that the drama itself ever evinces much desire to move swiftly—indeed, in the third act it comes to a complete standstill. But there might have been a greater illusion of pace had the play not seemed to be waiting for a possibly deaf old lady at the back of the dress circle to catch what was being said. At all events, the story of a bank thief who blackmails a lonely ornithologist in the Hebrides, is shot by his ex-mistress, who thereupon, without much preliminary love-making, is invited to share the bed and board of the owner of the island, is not exciting. Mr. Richard Goolden is very amusing as an ex-batman. Mr. Edmund Willard gives an air of naturalness to the ornithologist.

"TAKE TWO FROM ONE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Faustino is surely the prosiest man who has ever been loved passionately, and simultaneously, by two women. One doubts if the authors (either the Spanish

[Continued overleaf.]



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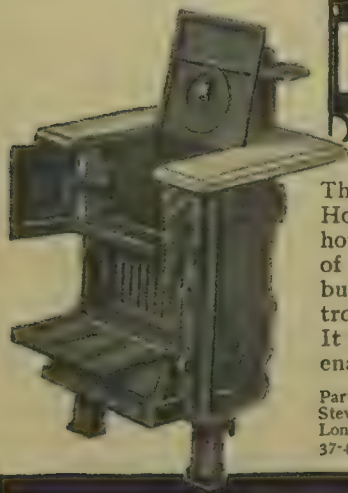
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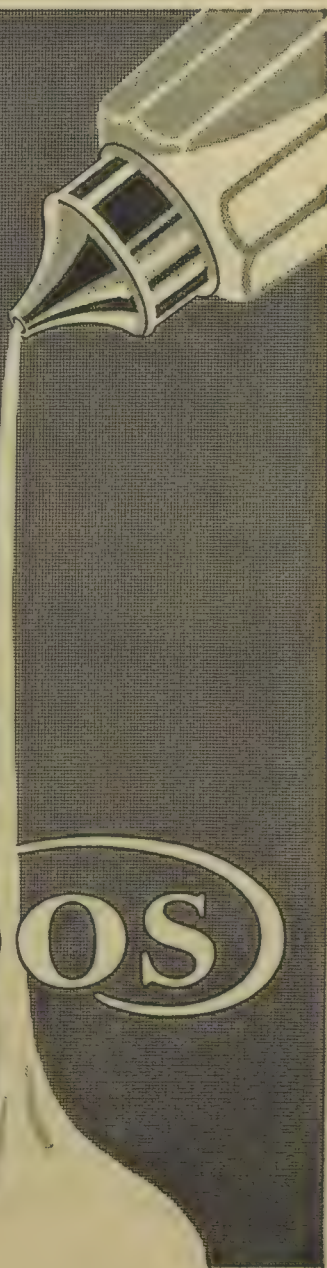
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(Continued.)

ones, Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra, or the English adaptors, Harley and Helen Granville-Barker) meant him to be as dull as Mr. Nicholas Hannen made him. Possibly the producer was at fault. Mr. Hannen is one of our very best character-actors, but I doubt if, even in his dreams, he pictures himself as a romantic figure. Almost less than anyone on the English stage does he look like an Italian. But, after all, it is mainly the authors who are at fault. Pirandello is good or bad or (as he would himself say) what you think him. But a weak imitation of anything is surely worse than nothing! The Sierras, who have written so many admirable plays, have contented themselves with giving a cheap imitation of the Italian author. Imaginary fires at sea mingle with actual ones; wives disappear in more or less metaphysical flames and reappear as mermaids, or at least South Sea Island queens. And then, just as we wonder how the authors are going to prove their ingenuity in unravelling a plot as intricate as, but no more interesting than, a ball of wool tangled by a kitten, the leading characters leap into the auditorium and declare themselves as purely imaginary. Miss Gertrude Lawrence did much to make the character of Diana a real person. We were at least sorry when she apparently died; certainly rejoiced when she came to life again; though I doubt if even her performance will induce many to accept Mr. Nicholas Hannen's invitation to see her on the following night.

"VIKTORIA AND HER HUSSAR," AT THE PALACE.

An operette à la Jules Verne, giving us a trip round the world in three acts and a prologue. From a prison camp in Siberia we (without the use of any revolving stage) swirl to Japan, pass to Petrograd, winding up in a vineyard in Hungary. Mr. Laurence Irving, who was responsible for the *mise en scène*, has done his work brilliantly; perfect colour, combined with a spring-like freshness, delighted the eye. Mr. Ralph Reader staged the play admirably; for rhythm and beauty his chorus leave nothing to be desired. The book, which required a quartet of authors to perpetrate, was no better than it should have been, though possibly no worse than it might have been. Herr Paul Abraham's score was, however, extremely tuneful—so tuneful that the audacious inclusion of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Tit Willow" as a masterpiece of his own was so little inferior to some of his own melodies as to make one wonder why he thought the purloining worth while. Mr. Harry Welchman, in the striped pants of an American Ambassador,

looked almost too dignified for this, if not the new, world. Miss Margaret Carlisle was a sweet-voiced heroine. But the absolute hit of the evening was made by M. Oskar Denes and Mme. Barbara Diu. The one a Hungarian and the other a Russian, they romped their way through the piece in a delightful manner.

"THE PAINTED VEIL," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

I see one very captious critic has taken Mr. Somerset Maugham to task for offences some of which are those of Mr. Bartlett Cormack, the adapter of his novel, and the others for which the gentleman who printed the programme is responsible. But I also have to take Mr. Maugham to task, in that he allowed another to undertake a job he could have better performed himself. There is tragedy in the story of the suburban-minded wife who, married to a tedious husband, yields to a vulgar and illicit passion, but the adapter has missed the essential drama of the theme. Even that dramatic scene when the guilty pair are startled in their intimacy by a passing shadow on the blind—husband or servant?—had little tension. Nor did Miss Gladys Cooper ever seem at home in her rôle; while Mr. Arthur Margetson completely failed to provide an answer to the question why some women love some cads. The adapter—wisely, no doubt, from the box-office point of view—abandons Mr. Maugham's cynical ending and leaves the heroine happy in the arms of Waddington, brilliantly played by Mr. Martin Walker.

"THE OLD BACHELOR," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

This, of course, is no entertainment for the strait-laced. The plot is terribly involved, cuckoldry being its main theme, the atmosphere extremely salacious—but how the wit sparkles! It is as brilliant a production as Sir Nigel Playfair has yet put on, while the acting excels any seen on the Lyric stage. To hear Miss Edith Evans recite the prologue and the epilogue was joy enough. But then, in addition, there were Eric Portman, Henry Hewitt, Roland Culver, James Dale, Miles Malleon, Olive Dyer (with songs), Marda Vanne, D. Hay Petrie, O. B. Clarence, and—Uncle Tom Copley and all. It is naturally Sir Nigel's own concern as to whether the theatre can hold sufficient money to pay the salaries of such a galaxy of talent, but I dare prophesy that at least all the money the theatre can hold will be taken at the box-office for every performance.

A CZECH OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE autumn's music has already begun with the season of Opera in English at Covent Garden. The first night opened with Smetana's comic opera of peasant life in Bohemia, "The Bartered Bride." Smetana, who died in 1884, was the leader of the national movement in music during the nineteenth century; but he and his successor, Dvůřák, are the only two Czech composers who have won an international reputation. "The Bartered Bride," which was first performed at Covent Garden in 1907, is practically unknown to the present generation of opera-lovers. It is a gay, melodious work, with no particular national idiom except, perhaps, in the peasant dances. Smetana is not a composer of any great originality, but he has a charming lyrical gift and a real ability to write comic scenes. This story of a young peasant girl engaged, through the village marriage-broker, to marry the son of the innkeeper when she is in love with another handsome young villager, depends entirely for its effectiveness on the raciness of the individual scenes and on the musical characterisation and invention of the composer. Here Smetana does not fail, and his marriage-broker (played with great vigour, but rather too fussily, by Percy Heming) and the half-wit, stammering, innkeeper's son, Hans, are really amusing creations. In the latter part, Octave Dua gave a really masterly performance and was easily the best of the cast. Thea Philips sang attractively as the bartered bride, Marie; and John Barbirolli conducted a performance which had plenty of life and colour.

Another good performance in this opening week was that of Verdi's "Aida." Odette de Foras is undoubtedly making progress as a singer, and her performance as Aida was the best thing I have heard her do, her singing being full of spirit and her vocalisation clear and musicianly. Arthur Fear's performance as Amonasro had real dramatic force, and the Radames of Arthur Cox was a commendable performance. Norman Allin had all his old impressiveness as the high priest, Ramphis; and Rispah Goodacre, although her voice is not always well under control, made a success with her great scene in the last act. The enthusiastic reception of this performance of "Aida" shows that Verdi's popular opera has lost none of its appeal with the London public.

The steady increase in numbers of the concert-going public in London is strikingly in evidence at the nightly "Promenades" at the Queen's Hall.

(Continued overleaf.)



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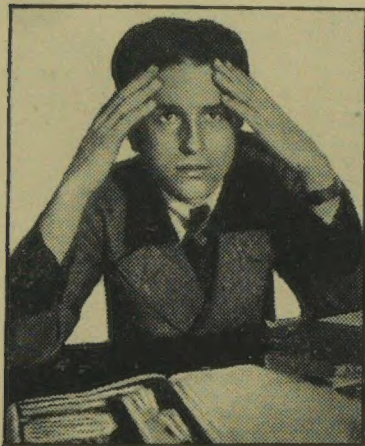


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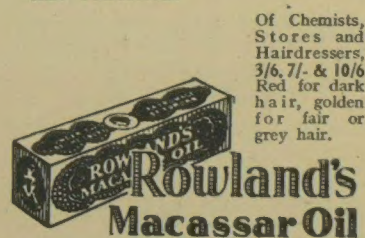


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(Continued.)

This season is the longest on record, and I do not remember ever seeing the floor of the Queen's Hall so crowded night after night as this season. Usually there have been popular nights, such as the Monday Wagner nights and the Friday Beethoven nights; but this year every night seems equally popular, and even the nights devoted wholly to the works of British composers are as crowded as Wagner nights. This is indeed a revolution in the public's attitude to music, and the enthusiasm at these concerts of what used to be called "highbrow" music would astonish many purveyors of so-called "lowbrow" musical entertainments.

W. J. TURNER.

TRANSATLANTIC CONVERSATIONS: PROHIBITION AND DEMOCRACY.

(Continued from Page 492.)

That is why it interests me so much to know how and why it was able to triumph. . . .

"But the problem is a very simple one. Prohibition is a stupidity; consequently, the sovereign people adopted it. That is the law of all democracies. Do you not see how all the monarchical and republican countries are governed where universal suffrage commands? It is everywhere the same story; disorder, waste, a terrible mess, and discontent."

"And the others?" I asked smiling. "Those who have not even free universal suffrage?"

We had reached the decisive question, the inevitable result of all discussions of this sort. The Americans before whom I had laid the problem during the course of my travels had answered it in two ways. A very small number had not hesitated to tell me that dictatorships were the best model and that all the peoples needed a Pilsudski or a Kemal Pasha. The majority had tried "to fly off at a tangent." My interlocutor belonged to the majority. He replied, slightly embarrassed—

"I know nothing. It is possible that dictators may be even worse. That does not improve the Government under which we pretended free citizens have the misfortune to live. Can you deny that democratic or parliamentary Governments are not capable of solving the great problems which are set before the world to-day?"

"Because the Governments are incapable and because the problems are insoluble?—Have you forgotten that between 1914 and 1918 the world was rather disturbed

by a certain war? . . . One always comes back to that; the World War upset the world as much and perhaps more than the French Revolution and the wars of the Empire. The consequences are hardly yet beginning to make themselves felt, and they will continue for many generations. It is the period of the Great Anarchy which is beginning. . . ."

"That which you announced to us twenty years ago in your 'Between Two Worlds,' when you returned from your first voyage to America."

"As you will . . . but then I saw the Great Anarchy emerging slowly from the depths of the New Industrial Civilisation, which was endeavouring to increase more and more the quantity of goods by lowering their quality continually. In order increasingly to be able to sacrifice the quality of things to their quantity, industrial civilisation was obliged to make the standards by which we judge the quality of things increasingly mobile, less precise and exacting. That is to say, increasingly to confuse good and bad, the beautiful and the ugly, the true and the false, and consequently to glide slowly towards a general intellectual moral and aesthetic anarchy. The prevision seemed to me as sure as an astronomical calculation, but the realisation would be slow and far-removed. It would be accomplished in the next century or so. The war, that war so monstrous in its proportions and means, precipitated the movement, and at a bound flung us into the midst of the twenty-second century in full anarchy. It is for this reason to-day that the acts of all Governments, even the best ones, have become hesitating and insufficient. . . . The war has everywhere propounded insoluble problems which admit only of approximate and precarious solutions. . . . How long will this condition of things last? How shall we get out of it? I know nothing about that. But in order to judge the Governments of to-day one must use a different standard of measurement. . . . When do you expect to make your next journey to Europe?"

"In 1932."

"Then you should visit the two Europes, for there are two. One is the Europe which before the war lived under a truly democratic régime in Switzerland, under a constitutional monarchy in England, Belgium, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, and under a parliamentary republic in France. And the other is the Europe which before the war lived under an absolute or semi-absolute monarchy, where the people counted for little or nothing—Spain, Austria, Germany, Poland, Russia, and the Balkan countries. You will have little difficulty in judging that

the healthy part of Europe is the first and the sick part is the second. In the first you will still find humane and just laws, liberal institutions, ordered finances, a thoughtful, healthy public spirit—in fact, order and liberty. In the other part, with the exception of Spain, which is making a great effort to save herself, you will find revolution, despotism, anarchy, terror, and a disordered public spirit; the State will be bankrupt and there will be economic ruin; disorder, in fact, under all its most dangerous forms. Does not America offer us the same contrast in a more attenuated form? You complain of your democracy, and I do not contest the fact that many of your recriminations are justified. But do you desire to see established, here also, one of those dictatorships which during the last few years have begun to reappear in South America?"

"No, not that. . . ."

"People often say that parliamentarism, democracy, and representative government have become bankrupt, and yet look at the world: the only Governments, republican or monarchical, which resisted the storm are the old Governments, parliamentary, democratic, representative. The only countries which have a Government to-day are those which have habitually accustomed their people for a century past to govern themselves seriously. Our epoch is the triumph of parliamentary, democratic, and representative government. . . ."

"But in free America I risk being sent to prison for offering you some of this delicious wine," said my interlocutor, as he poured me out a glass of Chablis.

"Should you prefer to risk being deported by your administration because you are displeased with Mr. Hoover? I admit that Prohibition has been a great mistake of universal suffrage. But at least it sprang from a noble idea and a generous aspiration."

My friend no longer replied, and seemed to withdraw himself into silent meditation while we finished our dinner. A quarter of an hour later we left the "speak-easy." Hardly had we left the house which was the accomplice and concealer of our crime than he said to me: "I own it. Prohibition is only a petty tyranny. . . . It is not despotism, nor is it war. . . . nor Communism. . . . I should be disposed to reconcile myself to universal suffrage if I were sure that it would stop there. . . ."

"You may be sure of that," I replied, "but on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That, in the general anarchy, our epoch shall continue to believe in liberty—political liberty and intellectual liberty."

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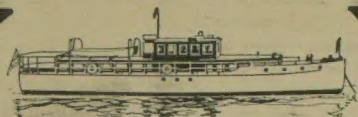
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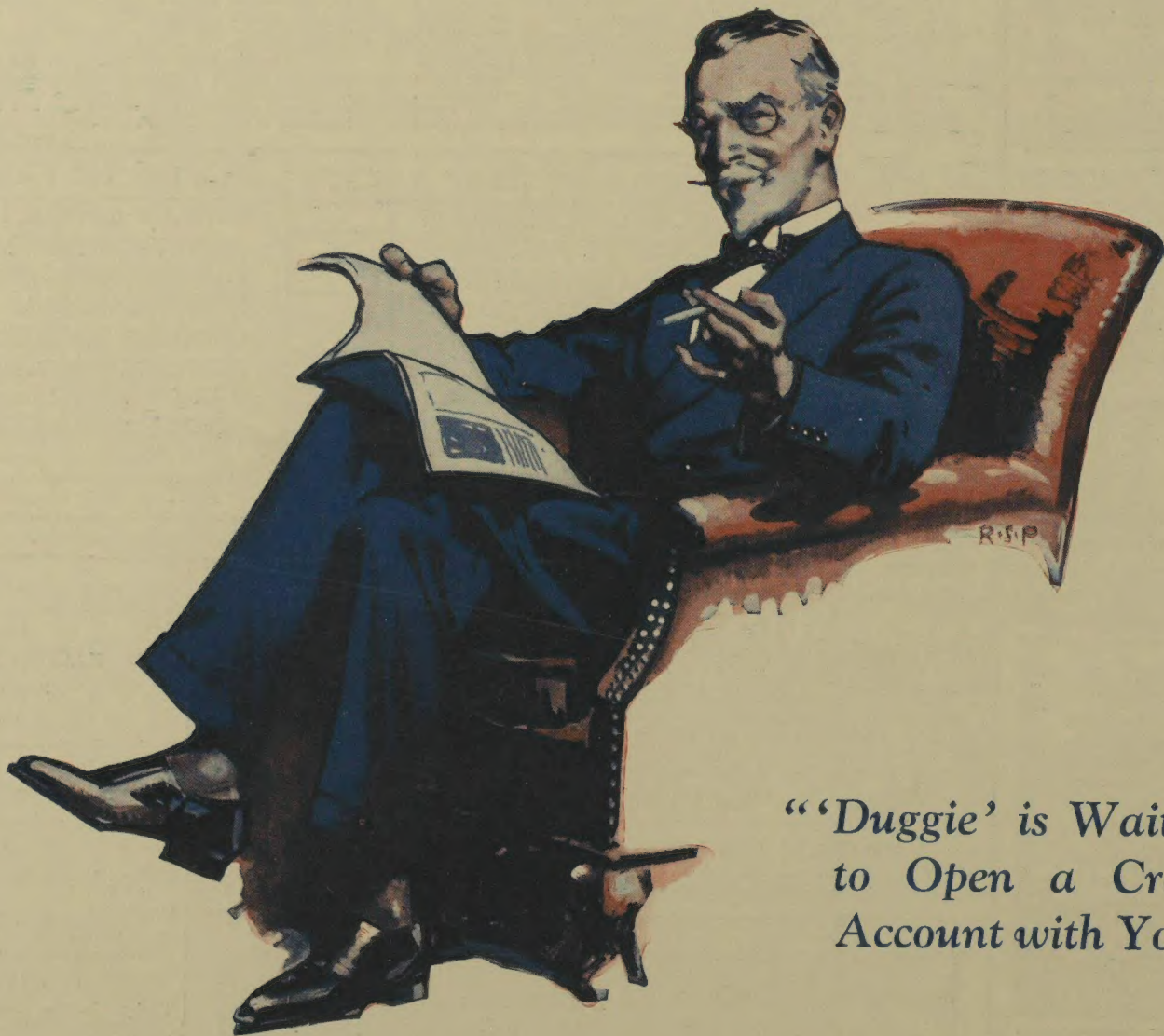
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